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TIME

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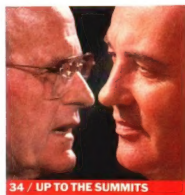
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FROM THE PUBLISHER

"Nobody plays the cello like Lance Morrow," our former managing editor Henry Grunwald once remarked, and he wasn't talking about music. He was, instead, referring to the sonority and depth of tone in Morrow's prose. This week Morrow shows his virtuosic stamina by writing a second cover story in a row. His examination of the ethical dilemma over human transplants follows his exploration of evil last week. After finishing that piece late at night, Lance came perilously close to the subject matter of his story. He was bicycling home through Manhattan's Central Park. "I've taken the route so many times in daylight I know it by heart," he says, "and I lined my bike up perfectly to shoot through an unlit passage." Perhaps the devil had been at work after all. A well-remembered curb had mysteriously moved several feet, and Morrow did a front flip into the air. He walked the rest of the way home, carrying his smashed bike, in pitch darkness.

In his years with *TIME*, Morrow has written about subjects ranging from pestilence to Presidents and from wars to the rea-

son why men persist in wearing neckties. A colleague claims that Morrow uses the Socratic method. Says Lance: "It's more like the Lamaze method: a lot of huffing and subdued screams. When

they start coming every 30 seconds or so, I deliver an essay." For his labors, he won a 1981 National Magazine Award for Essays and Criticism and was a finalist a second time this spring.

The son of two journalists, Morrow began writing for *TIME* two years after graduating with a degree in English from Harvard. "A magazine is a living thing," he says, "and it lives on ideas. It turns facts into ideas, entertainments, moral positions." But that doesn't mean a pre-eminent magazine journalist need be stuffy and serious. "To think that he's a no-nonsense guy is nonsense," says his colleague Paul Gray. "When suitably amused, he has an explosive laugh that could shudder a sycamore at 60

paces." Ideas, Morrow believes, are like people: "Some are charming, some are noble, some are ugly or stupid." He helps *TIME* tell the difference, and that means a lot to us.

We're buying him a light for his bicycle.

Morrow in Central Park's Literary Walk, with a statue of poet Robert Burns in the distance

"A lot of huffing and subdued screams. When they start coming every 30 seconds or so, I deliver an essay."



Robert L. Miller




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LETTERS

ORLANDO

"No one can survive surrounded by fantasy 365 days a year."

Kelly Heyboer
Piscataway, N.J.



Like many people in Orlando [LIVING, May 27], I am a transplant (from Canada, in my case). I find this to be a vibrant city full of young people with entrepreneurial spirit, most of whom have nothing at all to do with Disney World. Although the Walt Disney Co. was certainly the catalyst for giving once sleepy Orlando a new lease on life, Disney World is not Orlando. Don't confuse Disney fantasy with Orlando reality.

Stephanie Henley
Winter Park, Fla.

As a lifelong New Yorker, I can comfortably say that Orlando is a community worthy of receiving the Big Apple's motto: It's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there.

Dominic Racco
New York City

People say Disney made this town. I say it made the traffic. No one holds a candle to the Disney organization in its contribution to congestion and overdevelopment. And no other entity has contributed less to the local road system, mass transportation and other infrastructures. I'll take clean

lakes, pure air, uncrowded roads and miles of orange groves (or even swamps) over thousands of acres of asphalt, surreal buildings and an Audio-Animatronics Bambi any day.

Michael J. West
Orlando

I was appalled by your apparent lack of respect for the Disney organization. You treat it like a money-grubbing corporation that wants to make a few dollars rather than bring joy and happiness to the world. Disney World is a place where children and their parents can escape from the harsh reality of our world and from the feverish activity of Orlando. As a frequent patron of Disney World, I never cease to marvel at the imagination and originality that went into its creation. The Disney firm is not committed to taking people for every cent they have. It is dedicated to entertaining visitors from all over and spreading a feeling of security and fun.

Eric I. Levy
Tumbull, Conn.

Drug-Affected Children

I was very pleased that TIME ran the article on crack kids and featured our adopted son on the cover [HEALTH, May 13]. The more publicity and support that can be generated for drug-impaired children, the better. Our son is an excellent example of the success that can be achieved with a stable, caring environment and the right education. Like many drug babies, he is quite intelligent and has the capacity to excel if he can overcome the drug-related problems of hyperactivity and attention-deficit disorder, which make him unable to focus for long on anything. Thanks to the excellent teachers and staff at the special school he attends, he has been accepted for next fall by a private mainstream school to which his brother goes.

When my wife and I adopted our son at the age of 22 months, his behavior was horrendous. Certainly, there were many difficult times at first. But his natural charm, cheerfulness and sense of humor, and the joys of parenthood, have more than made up for the early problems. He has worked very hard these past few years to control his behavior, and I am certain that the drug abuse he suffered before he was born will not keep him from achieving success in life. I hope that any families considering adoption will not rule out children like our son. With love and care, they can blossom, and the joys that such a child can bring to a family should not be missed.

Name withheld on request
Long Beach, Calif.

Thank you for your report on the growing number of children who have been prenatally exposed to drugs. The Speech and Language Development Center has been

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working with these children for the past seven years, and we are encouraged by the results of early intervention. Some of the photographs in your article showed students at our school. It is imperative to point out that of the children pictured, not all were prenatally exposed to drugs. The young boy in the opening photograph and the girl shown on the balance beam, as well as some of the students visible in the background of that picture, were not. Two of the photographs demonstrated some of the techniques we utilize to remedy problems in neurologically involved children, not all of whom were drug exposed.

*Kathy Kutschka, School Psychologist
Speech and Language Development Center
Buena Park, Calif.*

Protection from Bigotry

The story "Quota Quagmire" burns me up [NATION, May 27]. As a white Republican, I am disgusted that the G.O.P. seems intent on pushing every hate button it can to keep up its quota of Republicans in Washington. Affirmative-action hiring plans have never been solely for making up for past discrimination. They are aimed at protecting minorities from bigotry, which is alive and well in 1991. Without the force of law, minorities are systematically shut out of the work force. Affirmative-action quotas guarantee that a company will do the right thing even when the guy doing the hiring, because of his own ignorance and bigotry, cannot. Quotas are not perfect, but they are better than the alternative.

*Andrew E. Stoner
Indianapolis*

I was delighted the Republicans would be able to block the Democrats' attempt to pass a quota bill. But, contrary to what you stated, I was not pleased that "civil rights" legislation was dead for the year. In fact, I have been trying to persuade the Democrats to pass President Bush's genuine, nonquota civil rights bill promptly and put aside their quota provisions for separate debate. It is the Democrats who refuse to pass the needed reform unless they are also able to force quotas on an unwilling American public.

*Nowel Gingrich, U.S. Representative
Sixth District, Georgia
Washington*

If George Bush had black skin and ancestors who had been mistreated for 200 years by the U.S. system, he would be in favor of quotas.

*Russell C. Haworth
Denison, Texas*

Kuwait's Environmental Nightmare

Eugene Linden's article on fallout from the Kuwaiti oil fires indicates that the Bush Administration might be held accountable

for the fires and resulting devastation, since it knew early on that "oil blazes were a likely outcome of the war" [ENVIRONMENT, May 27]. I fail to see how. The people who blew up those wells, Iraqi soldiers, and the person who ordered their destruction, Saddam Hussein, are responsible for the disaster. It is incomprehensible that one man can create a major human and environmental nightmare and walk off without paying the consequences. It amazes me to see any suggestion that Americans are so confused by these actions that they could accuse the Administration of causing the Kuwait mess.

*Judy Haas
Hermosa, S. Dak.*

The media should devote more space to ways and means to bring Saddam to justice. A U.N. posse should not be ruled out.

*Robert Avon
Lieut. Colonel, U.S.A. (ret.)
Queensbury, N.Y.*

Putting out the fires in Kuwait should be an international priority of the very highest order. Unfortunately, the companies involved apparently see this as just another business contract. That approach may turn out to be an ecological mistake of major proportions.

*Lawrence Libby
Wethersfield, Conn.*

Did Columbus Do the Right Thing?

Let us honor explorer Christopher Columbus and bless 1492 for all the reasons Charles Krauthammer has given [ESSAY, May 27]. But "the life of liberty" that some find "superior to the life of the beehive" has already corrupted our air and land, our rivers and lakes. We had better bless 1492 in 1992. Our descendants may not find it compelling to do so in 2092, much less in 2492.

*Mike M. Behesht
Bountiful, Utah*

What about Leif Ericsson's role in the discovery of America? And if we criticize Columbus, shouldn't we also go after Adam and Eve? Look what they caused.

*Jayle S. Ritchey
West Harrison, Ind.*

Hearing the Victim's Side

You ask "What Say Should Victims Have?" in the sentencing of the criminal [LAW, May 27]. With all due respect for their grief, victims should have none whatsoever. Criminal justice belongs in the public sphere. Criminals are tried by "the people," for it is only "we the people" who can be trusted to hear a case objectively and rule on it without bias. Allowing victims to exercise their "right" to vengeance reduces the criminal-justice system to a vendetta

machine. Victims should be cared for, but their rights must end when it comes to motivating a jury.

*Jefferson P. Swycaffer
San Diego*

A crime is inseparable from its effects. How therefore can we judge it without knowledge of the suffering it caused? Of equal importance, how can a society confront violent crime if it fails to understand its impact? We've been manipulated by ivory-tower lawyers and criminals' apologists for so long that we've lost sight of how truly destructive their clients are.

*Jack R. Vale
Walnut Creek, Calif.*

A Playful Approach with a Sober Point

When we printed a computer-altered photo on the cover [May 20], we were making a graphic joke with a serious punch line: there are qualified alternatives to Vice President Dan Quayle whom George Bush should consider as he picks his running mate for 1992. Using digital technology, we placed the heads of our vice-presidential possibilities on Quayle's body (in Nancy Kassebaum's case, we used her body and Quayle's hands). But some folks didn't get it. One reader asked why Kassebaum had masculine hands. Another was puzzled by the recurrence of that same body in the dark suit. Actually, there are seven different photographs combined in this cover. Readers able to identify the seven separate images we used are, without doubt, themselves qualified to run for Vice President.



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"We killed him in a candy store, and I helped to drag his body out, threw him on a road in Jersey and left him in a ditch with a blanket wrapped around him."

INTERVIEW

A Crow Turns Stool Pigeon

He fingered his Mafia boss to save his own skin. Now Philadelphia hitman NICHOLAS ("The Crow") CARAMANDI tells what it's like to kill one of his best friends.

By RICHARD BEHAR

Q. You were righthand man to Philadelphia's Nicodemo ("Little Nicky") Scarfo. He has been described as the most vicious Mob boss of his generation. What was he like to work for?

A. Well, you know, if you were in good graces with him, he loves you and you love him. You understand? But you never knew from one day to the next. He'd turn on anybody, and he drew no lines when it came to killing. Most Mob bosses were not like him. The Mob is basically run the same in every city, but our "family" was unusual in that it was a very paranoid family because we all feared each other and feared Scarfo the most. He held grudges. If you didn't say hello to him 20 years ago, he never forgot. He used to say, "I'm like the turtle. I get there." You know, we were the best of friends. He believed in me, and I believed in him. But he was very, very paranoid. He betrayed himself. His own nephew turned.

Q. You turned state's witness after pleading guilty in 1987 to murder, racketeering and conspiring with a Philadelphia councilman to extort \$1 million from a real estate developer. Since then you've testified in 11 trials that have brought 52 convictions. Why did you squeal?

A. It wasn't my will to be a rat. I was arrested after the FBI had wired my construction partner, this guy John Pastorella, for 18 months. I was in jail trying to make bail, and I believed I was going to be killed there, probably with the blacks carrying out the order. I got the word. And the next morning I called the FBI and told them to get me the hell out. I was scared to death. I was shakin'. I blame Scarfo. He's the guy who wanted to kill me. I'm 55 years old, and all my

life I was a stand-up guy. I was loyal; I killed for the guy; I brought him millions of dollars. There's no way I was ever gonna turn. It never even entered my mind. What big sin did I commit? I got arrested. I was always prepared to go to jail. I figured I was facing 20; if I pled guilty, I could have gotten 10. I would have been a king in jail. We might have even won the trial. You know, you don't realize how precious a life is until you're in that position where you're gonna get killed, and you'll do anything to survive. And look what I did to survive. I went on that stand 30 times, and it killed me. I loved some of them guys. And I had to—boom, boom, boom, boom—point the finger and bury them.

Q. For all the Philadelphia family's paranoia and violence, you guys were sometimes known as "the gang that couldn't shoot straight."

A. You know, sometimes it takes a year to kill a guy. Sometimes it takes a week. That's because Scarfo was a cowboy. He didn't want a guy taken in a house and shot easily in the back of the head. He wanted it outside, in broad daylight, with a million people around. Restaurants, funeral homes, anywhere. Then it gets written up in the papers, and it puts fear in people. He loved that cowboy stuff. He had a big fan club. He used to get letters from black guys who wanted to join the Mob. We had a filing cabinet full of letters. There was so much killing. Things got so bad that they wanted us to go into houses and shoot the whole family, the mother, the wife.

Q. You helped kill Salvatore Testa, the youngest Mafia capo in America and one of your best friends. How could you do such a thing?

A. Well, it's the name of the game. If

you're a gangster, you gotta be a gangster. You never know who you're gonna be told to kill in this business. But I used to get nightmares over Salvie and would wake up in cold sweats screaming his name. This went on twice a week for three months. It was just awful. We killed him in a candy store, and I helped to drag his body out, threw him on a road in Jersey and left him in a ditch with a blanket wrapped around him. I seen his face when I turned the car around.

Q. I see some water in your eyes. Do you feel remorse?

A. Yeah, I really liked him. There was no reason for it. I wanted to tell this guy so bad to take off. But what was I gonna do? It was kill or be killed. There is no "no." You love him, you gotta do it. "This thing" comes first. It comes before your mother, your father, your sister.

Q. Why was Testa killed?

A. You see, Salvie figured by marrying the daughter of the underboss, [Salvatore] "Chuckie" Merlino, he'd be right near the top. But she was a spoiled brat, and a few months before the wedding he backed out. Everything was all set up: the gowns, the tablecloths, the invitations to the Bellevue-Stratford, the announcement in the newspaper. It was gonna have approximately 1,000 guests and cost well over \$100,000. They were gonna try and get Michael Jackson to sing. When Salvie backed out, he signed his own death warrant. It was a blow to the underboss. This was the ultimate insult. We were actually gonna kill him right in a crowded funeral parlor, but there was too much law outside. That night, it's time to leave, and Chuckie grabs Salvie by the neck and kisses him on the lips. Smaack! I said, "Aw, if he doesn't know now, he'll never know." That was the kiss of death.

Q. Could you really have got Michael Jackson to perform at the wedding?

A. Through people, we could get to anybody. We've got judges, lawyers, Senators, entertainment people. God knows how high it goes. When I was pinched, we were gonna take over Philadelphia's waterfront development. Some \$200 million in construction was gonna come my way. We had big plans for Atlantic City. I was all set to go into Caesars and start organizing the dealers and move into the union's health and welfare plans. We were gonna set up satellite doctors and give them a monthly fee to take care of union patients, with 65% going to us. There's nothing that can't be done. The FBI has been cracking down in many cities, but "this thing" never dies.

Q. You also helped kill your own mentor, Pasquale ("Pat the Cat") Spirito.

A. We tried for months to kill him, and for

America needs a new fast and effective clean

AN ALARMING LACK OF PROGRESS IN CLEANUP

When Congress enacted the Federal Superfund program in 1980, the goal was to quickly clean up America's most dangerous hazardous waste sites. Congress and many others assumed there would be only a relatively few such sites and that cleanup costs would be limited.

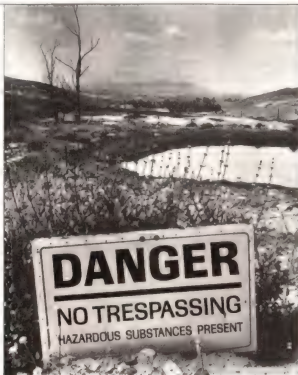
Now, after a decade of trying to make Superfund work, it's clear these assumptions were wrong and that a quick fix was never possible. What's wrong with Superfund and why has so little been accomplished?

The problem is twofold. First, the real scope of our nation's hazardous waste situation is far greater than Congress anticipated. With 1,200 priority sites already identified, growing numbers of sites are being found in every state. The Environmental Protection Agency expects that by the year 2000, there may be as many as 2,000 priority sites.

With rapidly rising cleanup costs, which now average about \$25 million per site, the eventual price tag is staggering. According to a top government agency, cleaning up all of America's hazardous waste sites could take from 30 to 60 years and cost up to \$500 billion!

A second problem is Superfund's alarming lack of progress in cleanup. A decade and billions of dollars later, fewer than 60 out of the 1,200 sites have actually been cleaned up.

Why? One major reason is Superfund's liability system. It requires that cleanup be paid for by establishing liability—who sent what waste, how much and where—and then negotiating or litigating with those believed to be responsible. While this sounds good in theory, it hasn't worked in practice. Instead, the result has been



delayed cleanup and enormous legal, consulting and other costs unrelated to cleanup.

COMPOUNDING THE PROBLEMS INSTEAD OF SOLVING THEM.

This is because working out who pays and how much for cleanup is very difficult. Under Superfund, anyone who simply used or owned the site at any time could be liable for the entire cleanup bill. Users can include major corporations, small businesses, local governments, hospitals, nursing homes, schools, even individuals. And it does not matter who caused the harm or whether they did anything wrong. Superfund's retroactive

w system to achieve up of our environment.

liability provision makes parties pay for past actions based on today's standards.

For example, at 422 sites almost 14,000 parties have been notified that they could be liable. In turn, many of them are identifying still others who contributed in some way to the presence of waste at each site. And since Superfund liability deals with past waste disposal, the record of users can go back 25, 30 or even 40 years and can number in the hundreds.

The result? The focus on cleanup has been lost as private and public parties spend years in difficult but unavoidable negotiations and litigation, trying to work out agreements that would provide funds for cleanup. At some sites, more money has been spent resolving complex factual issues than on cleanup itself. This does a lot for lawyers and consultants, but very little for the environment. And of course, these costs are eventually passed on to all of us as consumers in higher prices for goods and services. Isn't it time to stop this wasteful process and get on with cleaning up our environment?

At AIG, we think so. There is little to be gained by arguing over waste disposal that happened long ago. America needs a system that will promote fast and effective cleanup, reduce unnecessary legal fees, spread the cost of cleanup broadly, and encourage responsible waste management practices today.

A PROPOSED SOLUTION:

THE NATIONAL ENVIRONMENTAL TRUST FUND.

To accomplish this, we have proposed creating a National Environmental Trust Fund, similar to the National Highway Trust Fund. Its resources would be used exclusively for cleaning up old hazardous waste sites. Superfund's tough

liability provisions would still apply for future pollution, as would all other state and federal environmental laws designed to promote responsible waste management.

One way this fund could be financed would be by adding a separate fee to commercial and industrial insurance premiums in the United States. Even a modest assessment, say 2% of premiums and an equivalent amount for self-insureds, would provide about \$40 billion over the next decade - more than enough to clean up the 1,200 highest-priority sites. Without endless time and money spent on legal debates about liability.

A national advisory board consisting of private individuals, industry and public officials could be charged with overseeing the program. We also suggest giving consideration to establishing local technical monitoring committees in each community. These groups of local citizens, representatives of industry and others would work with the Environmental Protection Agency and their own state on the particular cleanup site - from the very beginning of the cleanup effort.

YOU CAN HELP

We've waited long enough and spent enough money in the courtrooms. Now it's time for action. A cleaner America should be all Americans' shared goal and shared responsibility.

To express your views, or if you would like further information about AIG's proposed National Environmental Trust Fund, write to Mr. M.R. Greenberg, Chairman, American International Group, Inc., 70 Pine Street, New York, NY 10270.

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INTERVIEW

a while that's all we used to talk about. We used to get sick when we'd see him. We'd want to throw up. Pat had bad vibes and knew what was coming. This guy tried to work my head for hours the day before. He had me in a booth in a luncheonette drinking coffee for four hours, making me tell him how much I love him, and it's already set up to kill him the next night. I said, "Pat, what are you talking like this for? I'd do anything for you. Hey! I wouldn't be here if it weren't for you. Buddy, my life is yours, Jesus Christ, I love you." He was relieved.

Q. What happened the following night?

A. We killed him in a car. Bango! Shot twice in the back of the head. Then we went a few blocks to throw the guns away and clean up. I went around the corner to a bar and waited till it came on the TV news at 11. I said, "Christ, they killed my best friend." I was pretending like I was crying, and guys are coming over to me. Everybody hated this guy. But this was my alibi. See, people in the bar said I'd been there all night. Fifty people would have sworn that I was there since 8 o'clock.

Q. You want to pass along any tricks of the trade?

A. As far as advice goes, you can't show greed. It's the fastest thing that gets you killed. Also, when you're around the boss, don't drink. See, when a guy drinks, his feelings come out. What Scarfo would do, and he was famous for this, was take everyone to dinner and order double margaritas. Then he'd start talking about people, and he wants to see who chimes in, wants to see what they got to say. He'd make a guy drink and drink and talk and talk until there was no more talk left in him. I never talked because I knew this was a trap. When you drink, you say things. Maybe you don't shake someone's hand. Maybe you make a remark. You don't know. Animosity comes out.

Q. Could I have come to you and said, "Hey, I'm not sure how the Mob works, but I'd like someone's legs broken?"

A. Well, if you were somebody's friend and somebody was bothering you, yes, we'd do you a favor. There's no favors that we can't do.

Q. What would it cost me?

A. We don't kill or hurt people for money. That's greed. Maybe you'll want to buy me a gift or send me a case of champagne. You'd find out what I like. Maybe I'll want to borrow money from you sometime. See, "this thing" is like the second government. If politicians, doctors, lawyers, surgeons come to us for favors, there's got to be a reason. There's no justice in court for certain people, so they come to us. Maybe somebody is bothering a guy's wife or daughter, or he wants to borrow money to

INTERVIEW

go into business. I don't know how this country would survive without the Mob.

Q. Was it so great being a mobster?

A. It's the greatest thing that a human could experience. The flavor is so good. The high is so natural. When you sneeze, 15 handkerchiefs come out. I mean, everywhere you go, people just can't do enough for you. At Christmas people are bangin' on your door, dropping off gifts. If it rains, 25 umbrellas open up. If you walk into a restaurant, they'll chase the person out of the best table and put you there. There's just so much glamour and respect and money. The nightclubs, the broads. Broads just die over you. It's unbelievable. In the Mob, you've got friends: you belong to an army, something that is so powerful. You're with the elite. Your word is law, you're like the judge and jury. Anything you say is final. You feel that you're so superior and that you're chosen. I had 100 to 150 guys with me: bookmakers, loan sharks, drug dealers, union guys, politicians, doctors. There was nothing we couldn't penetrate. We had the sports-betting business, the numbers, loan-sharking, the shakedown business, union kickbacks. But, you know, it really wasn't me. It was the wall around me that was so powerful.

Q. Besides getting arrested and having to disguise your whole life, what's the downside?

A. The killing. And the treachery. Everybody's jealous of something in "this thing." There's no security, and you're never safe. You learn how to read eyes. You gotta be a good manipulator. You gotta meet somebody; you don't even know if you're gonna come back. You get in a car; you don't know if you're gonna get a bullet in your head. The capes were always trying to trap me, thinking maybe I got more money that I wasn't kicking in. But I used to keep records and slips of paper, weeklies, monthlies, stacks of them for three, four, five years. I turned in every time. Then I became the boss's righthand man, and everybody was scared to death of me. Now I got the boss's ear, and nobody knows what I'm saying. Everybody trembles now.

Q. What do you think of people who lead straight lives?

A. The average guy who works and pays taxes is a sucker. They're trapped, with kids and a mortgage and car payments, and they can't live. They're just existing. They work from 9 to 5, and they don't even know what day it is. All you gotta do is throw the dirt over them. I didn't want to take that road.

Q. George Anastasia, the Mob chronicler, is coming out with a book, *Blood and Honor*, about your 30 years as a gangster. This is the stuff that makes for great movies. Are any of the recent Mafia films accurate in their portrayal of what the life is like?



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- *Runaround Sue*/Dion
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- *Please Mr. Postman*/The Marvelettes
- *Stand By Me*/Ben E. King
- *You Don't Know What You've Got*/Rai Donner
- *The Mountain's High*/Dick and Dee Dee
- *Daddy's Home*/Shop and the Limelites

INTERVIEW

A. I saw *Godfather III*. It stunk. I didn't think much of the plot, and I didn't see any good reviews of it either. *Godfather I* was pretty close [to the real thing], and *Godfather II* was good, but this one was farfetched. I remember sitting there and thinking, if these suckers in the theater only knew they were sitting with the real McCoy.

Q. Do you trust anyone?

A. I trust Dave Gentile. He's an FBI agent from Philadelphia who helped me a lot mentally when I was falling apart. There were times I wanted to take pills and just forget about it. He spent a lot of time with me and encouraged me. I thought the other law-enforcement guys were conning me, but he believed in me. He's given me the confidence to do things that I'm afraid of. To me, he's my best friend in the world. I owe my life to him.

Q. Do you believe in God?

A. Yeah. I believe in God. I go to church once a month, but I can't bring myself to go to confession right now. I don't have the balls yet to do that. I don't know if my sins are going to be forgiven, you know. I broke all the commandments. That's something that I wrestle with, and I know I got to deal with it in time, and I want to deal with it. That's the only peace I think I'll have, if I could get to God. But I don't want to use God as an excuse now, because I know in my heart that I would do it all again. I'm talking from the heart. So how could I say I'm sorry? If I say I'm sorry, who am I kidding? I did it, and I loved it.

Q. You helped destroy the Scarfo family, the first Mafia family to be wiped off the map. Not since Joe Valachi has anyone done this much damage to the Cosa Nostra. But here you are with a completely new identity under the Federal Witness Protection Program, somewhere a long way from Philadelphia. What's life like for you now?

A. This is a dog's life compared to the life I had. I try to cover my tracks, but I'm constantly looking over my shoulder. I can't make any friends. You never know where or when they're going to come. I did a lot of damage when I was on that stand. A lot of families are really bitter. My wife disowned me. Nobody likes what I did. Nobody likes what I am. They would mutilate me in such a way, and they would want the whole world to see it to put fear in people. I took a whole family down, you know. But I'm trying to adjust to a legitimate life. I could go out and steal and set somebody up just like that [snaps fingers], but I can't take the chance. I wouldn't last too long in jail. So I'm working. And I'd like to get a house, fix it up, sell it and, you know, things like that.

Q. You mean be a sucker like the rest of us?

A. Yeah. Be a sucker.



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HEALTHY LIVING

A photograph of a man and a woman in western-style clothing. The woman, on the left, wears a white long-sleeved shirt, a patterned scarf, and a wide-brimmed straw hat. She is smiling broadly and has her arms around the man. The man, on the right, wears a denim shirt and dark sunglasses. He is also smiling and has his hands near his face. The background is a warm, out-of-focus orange-brown color.

VITAMINS
FOR YOUR HEART

STAYING HEALTHY
WITH FIBER

CUTTING
THROUGH THE FAT



VITAMINS FOR YOUR HEART

It's no longer news that cutting back on fats can be helpful to your heart. But science is now showing that certain vitamins can help fend off heart disease.

Some 35 years ago, Dr. Denham Harman, emeritus professor of medicine at the University of Nebraska, advanced this novel theory: the diseases of aging—cardiovascular disease, cancer and arthritis among them—result from constant attack on the human body by oxygen molecules called free radicals. These toxic molecules, breathed in from the atmosphere and generated by the body itself, set off a wave of tissue destruction that, in large part, underlies heart disease and other degenerative diseases.

Free Radicals Under Fire

Today researchers are finding that you can block free-radical damage to your body with antioxidant nutrients such as vitamins C, E and beta carotene (see box). Until recently much of the evidence was indirect. For example, population groups that eat a lot of foods high in antioxidant vitamins seem to have less heart disease, atherosclerosis and high blood pressure than people who don't eat enough of these foods.

Now, dramatic, direct evidence is

rolling in. Cardiovascular disease events dropped almost 50% in a group of heart-disease-prone men who took 50-mg beta carotene capsules (the equivalent of two cups of cooked carrots) every other day for five years, reports Harvard's Dr. Charles Hennekens, leader of the landmark Physicians' Health Study.

These results are preliminary and the study continues. But Dr. Hennekens believes that by 1995 there will be definitive proof of the value that beta carotene has in preventing heart disease.

People who eat foods high in antioxidant vitamins seem to have less heart disease.

Precisely how antioxidants help prevent heart disease is not fully understood. But they seem to minimize the buildup of cholesterol and fats called lipoproteins, which clog and damage arteries. Oxidation of these fats, particularly the "bad" cholesterol, LDL (low density lipoprotein), facilitates their deposit in your arteries and makes them more destructive. Studies by Drs. Daniel Steinberg and Joseph Witztum at the University of California, San Diego, and Balz Frei, Ph.D., at the Harvard School of

Public Health, have shown that vitamins C, E and beta carotene can impede this process.

Heart-Healthy Diets

Scientists urge us to eat more foods rich in antioxidant vitamins. "Only 9% of all Americans eat the recommended five or more servings of fruits and vegetables," says Gladys Block, Ph.D., nutritional epidemiologist at the National Cancer Institute. "And hardly anybody eats enough whole-grain cereals or breads," she adds. Rutgers University nutritionist Paul LaChance, Ph.D., says we get only one-fourth the beta carotene we need from foods like carrots and yams.

If you just can't load up on fruits and vegetables, should you increase your intake of antioxidants with vitamin supplements? Dr. Hennekens suggests that people not use supplements as a panacea. Other authorities, like Harman, Frei and Witztum, believe you may want to add the extra insurance of taking vitamin and beta carotene supplements, particularly if you're at high risk for heart disease.

They all agree that a healthy lifestyle, exercise and a prudent diet are essential for keeping your heart and arteries in the best of health.

FOODS RICH IN ANTIOXIDANTS

Vitamin C

Broccoli, cauliflower, peppers, cabbage, Brussels sprouts, green beans, citrus fruits, pineapples, strawberries

Vitamin E

Whole-grain breads and cereals, nuts, seed oils, wheat germ, green leafy vegetables

Beta carotene

Carrots, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, butternut squash, spinach, collard greens, kale, cantaloupes, mangoes, papayas, apricots, nectarines, peaches

See Blue Book / Weightloss



DR. HARMAN'S OWN VITAMIN Rx

Dr. Denham Harman fortifies his own diet with antioxidant vitamin supplements. Like virtually all scientists, he cautions against massive doses of vitamins; some, like vitamin A, can be harmful. This is what he takes: one multivitamin daily, plus vitamin C (250 mg four times a day); vitamin E (100-200 mg a day); and beta carotene (25-30 mg a day). He also takes two yeast tablets daily, each containing 50 mcg of the antioxidant mineral selenium and 3 mg daily of coenzyme Q10, a cellular derivative similar to vitamin E. Both are available in drugstores and health-food stores.



**Aging increases
the risks of certain
diseases.**

**Vitamins C, E and
Beta Carotene may
help reduce them.**

By the time you reach your 30th Anniversary, you could be worrying about aging—and the chronic diseases that can go along with it.

Of course, a balanced diet has always been a key to good health.

But now, scientific studies are focusing not only on diet, but on the potential health benefits of specific nutrients.

One area of promising research is the role that some nutrients may play in decreasing the risks of diseases which tend to develop with aging.

For example, in recent years, scientific institutions such as the USDA Research Center on Aging and the National Cancer Institute have been conducting research on Vitamins C, E and Beta Carotene—among other nutrients.

And the evidence so far indicates that assuring adequate Vitamins C, E

and Beta Carotene in your diet may help reduce the risks of developing diseases such as cataracts, cancer and heart disease.

To make sure your diet has adequate Vitamin C and Beta Carotene, eat a variety of fruits and vegetables every day and add some seeds, seed oils, nuts and wheat germ for Vitamin E.

In addition to a good diet, continuing good health obviously depends on many other factors, some of which you can control, like not smoking, exercising, keeping your weight down and getting regular medical check-ups.

It's worth a little effort to reach your Golden Anniversary in good health.

ROCHE

A health message from Hoffmann-La Roche Inc.

STAYING HEALTHY WITH FIBER

More good news about fiber: According to a study published in the *Journal of the National Cancer Institute*, breast cancer in animals was significantly reduced by doubling the intake of dietary fiber. This adds to an expanding list of health benefits you get from eating more fiber—a substance that comes from plants and is not absorbed by our bodies.

The American Cancer Society explains that the fiber we eat, called dietary fiber, moves food through the body smoothly and quickly. In low-fiber diets, food moves through the body more slowly. That slow speed may increase opportunities for infection or cancer.

Some fiber is water-soluble and some is water-insoluble. Water-soluble fiber, such as psyllium and oat bran, appears to lower cholesterol, which reduces your risk of heart disease. Water-insoluble fiber, such as wheat products found in cereals, appears to reduce your risk of cancer.

Protection Against Cancer

"Dietary fiber may function as a protective agent in human breast cancer," says Leonard Cohen, Ph.D., principal author



STYLING: J. KELLY; THE SHOOT: DAVID

Detection and Treatment at the American Cancer Society in Atlanta.

"If you can prevent polyps, theoretically you can prevent colon cancer," says Nixon.

Daily Requirements

Americans eat only about 10 to 13 grams of fiber a day, which is equivalent to about 2½ servings of fruits and vegetables. The recommended amount of fiber is about 25 to 30 grams a day, or five servings of fruits and vegetables. Serving sizes vary with the kind of food you choose. But experts suggest that you eat a broad variety of fibers from many sources, since the optimal mixture is not known.

By eating a mixture of fibers including fruits, whole-grain cereals and vegetables, you boost your health odds. For example, diets containing cabbage, broccoli, Brussels sprouts and other sources of vitamin C may effectively prevent cancer, reports Nixon.

As you eat more fiber, you will probably lose weight—another way of ward-

"Dietary fiber may function as a protective agent in human breast cancer..."

HOW CAN I INCREASE FIBER IN MY DIET?

Try

- Whole wheat bread or rolls
- Brown rice
- Baked potato in the skin
- Whole grain cereals (hot or ready-to-eat)
- Popcorn
- Bean dip or hummus

(Taken from the American Institute for Cancer Research Information Series. Readers may send for more information by writing to the Institute, Dept. 138, Washington, DC 20059.)

off the breast cancer study and section head in the Division of Nutrition and Endocrinology, American Health Foundation in Valhalla, N.Y. "Eating more dietary fiber may also influence other cancers like pancreatic or prostate cancer. We are trying to get research conducted to study its effect on other organs."

This year alone, an estimated 175,000 women in the U.S. will be diagnosed with breast cancer; an estimated 112,000 men and women will be diagnosed with colon cancer, according to the National Cancer Institute.

In colon cancer, malignant tumors seem to originate with polyps, and scientific studies find polyps may occur less commonly in people who eat high-fiber diets. One hypothesis says, "Fiber may act as a sponge, binding the carcinogens together so that they pass through the intestines without any problems," says Dr. Daniel Nixon, vice president of

ing off high cholesterol and cancer, according to researchers. Fiber helps you slim down because it contains fewer calories, takes longer to chew, provides bulk and helps you feel full.

"But don't go overboard and consume 40 to 50 grams of fiber a day," warns Nixon, "because you may cause vitamin and mineral malabsorption."

By raising your dietary fiber to 25 to 30 grams daily, you may add to your quality of life, gain protection from colon and breast cancer, obesity, adult diabetes, high cholesterol and digestive problems like constipation. That's good health insurance.

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CUTTING THROUGH THE FAT



Reducing dietary fat can help you avoid obesity, heart disease and some forms of cancer, according to many recent research studies. This brief article can help you understand how much fat you need, and just what role it plays in your diet and your overall health.

Some fat is necessary for normal body functioning. Fats provide a reserve

olive oil and canola oil. And you put polyunsaturated fats into your diet by choosing plant products such as safflower, sunflower, corn and soybean oils, and some fatty fishes like halibut, salmon and tuna.

"It's the unsaturated fats that are thought to lower blood cholesterol, but that's still a research topic," explains Nancy Ernst, M.S., R.D., nutrition coordinator for the National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute in Bethesda, Md.

Less Fat is Better

"Eating less fat helps you lose weight and lowers your blood cholesterol. Fats have more than twice the calories of protein and carbohydrates," says Karen Collins, M.S., R.D., nutrition consultant to the American Institute for Cancer Research.

Researchers say too much dietary saturated fat may tell the liver to make more cholesterol which is then carried through your body by low density lipoproteins (LDLs) or high density lipoproteins (HDLs).

HDLs and LDLs affect your health differently. Too much saturated fat and dietary cholesterol increase LDL cholesterol which can clog your heart and arteries, producing atherosclerosis and may lead to heart attacks or strokes, according to the American Heart Association. But HDL can prevent the accu-

mulation of cholesterol in the walls of your arteries. That's because HDL helps remove cholesterol from the blood by carrying it back to the liver for processing or removal from your body.

Risk Factors You Control

"While you can't change risk factors like heredity, you can improve your defensive HDL by losing weight," says Collins. "Lean, physically active, non-smoking people tend to have high levels of protective HDL."

"The ideal diet is composed of mixtures of different kinds of fat. A diet that is exclusively one food or another is unhealthy," says Richard Rivlin, M.D., professor of medicine from Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center and New York Hospital. Nutritionists and physicians suggest decreasing, but not eliminating, fat from your diet. Balance and moderation is the key.

People who replace some dietary fats with fruits, fresh vegetables, grains and legumes tend to be slimmer. Blood cholesterol also falls as your body fat decreases.

A low-fat diet will not only protect your heart, but many physicians believe reducing dietary fat "can even help prevent or delay malignancies such as breast cancer or prostate cancer," says Rivlin. The message is clear: less fat means a healthier you.



supply of energy and help in the absorption of certain vitamins. Your body also needs some fat for your brain cells, cell membranes and hormones. National dietary guidelines suggest limiting total fat to 30% of your diet.

The two main types of fat are saturated and unsaturated. Saturated fats—found primarily in food from animals and some plant sources such as coconut or palm oil—raise blood cholesterol. Health problems arise primarily from eating too much saturated fat which cannot be metabolized effectively.

Unsaturated fats, classified as monounsaturated and polyunsaturated, are thought to be less harmful. You consume monounsaturated fats in foods like

HOW TO "SPEND" YOUR DAILY FAT ALLOWANCE

Food	Portion	Total Fat	Saturated Fat
Breeder Chicken, with skin	3½ ounces light meat	10½ grams or 2.12 tsp.	3 grams or 0.6 tsp.
Breeder Chicken, no skin	3½ ounces light meat	4.5 grams or 0.9 tsp.	1.5 grams or 0.26 tsp.
Tuna Fish, freshly cooked	3½ ounces	6.3 grams or 1.26 tsp.	1.6 grams or 0.32 tsp.
Spaghetti and Macaroni	1 cup	1 gram or 0.2 tsp.	0.1 gram or 0.02 tsp.
Whole-wheat Bread	1 slice	1 gram or 0.2 tsp.	0.4 gram or 0.08 tsp.

This table was prepared with the help of Nancy Ernst, M.S., R.D., nutrition coordinator for the National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute, NIH, Bethesda, and for the National Cholesterol Education Program.

National dietary guidelines suggest that 30% of your total diet come from fat. Americans consume an average of 37% of their total calories from fat. (26% comes from saturated fat, which drives blood cholesterol up. If a man eats 2,000 calories a day, he has 67 grams of fat to "spend." If a woman eats 1,500 calories a day, she has 50 grams of fat to "spend.")

One teaspoon holds five grams of fat, one gram of fat yields 9 calories.

Now the best things in life
are fat free.



Introducing new Miracle Whip® Free!
It's not just low fat, like the other guys. It's fat free. Cholesterol free, too. And only new
Miracle Whip® Free® has the Tangy Zip of Miracle Whip®.

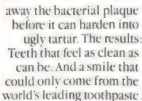


Reach for the Zip of Miracle Whip® Free®.

* Contains less than 1/2 gram of fat per 1 Tbsp. serving.

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The challenge with tartar is to fight it before it even starts to harden. New Colgate Tartar Control, with our exclusive tartar-fighting booster, does just that. It helps you brush



GRAPEVINE

By DAVID ELLIS / Reported by Sidney Urquhart

SUDDENLY, IT'S LONELIER AT THE TOP

U.S. government sources say Polish President **LECH WALESA** may have been forced to dismiss a trusted aide because of accusations that he was a KGB spy. Jacek Merkel, who quietly resigned in March as Minister of State in charge of defense and security, had worked closely with Walesa as a shipyard engineer and Solidarity leader. Merkel privately maintains that political enemies fabricated evidence against him, and is fighting to clear his name. The Interior Ministry has refused to release its police collaborator lists, compiled in the communist era, because the files may contain disinformation about people who had no relationship with the KGB.

THIS GUY'S BEGINNING TO ANNOY ME

Senate majority leader **GEORGE MITCHELL** is bucking to replace Dick Gephardt as **GEORGE BUSH's** Least Favorite Democrat. Mitchell's latest attack on the Administration's renewal of trade privileges for China as "immoral" and his strong support of the civil rights bill are part of his pitch for a White House run in 1996. "He takes a position the minute I finish speaking," gripes the President.

OR MAYBE WE SHOULD ALL PRAY FOR RAIN

The Pentagon's new image of competence has suffered a bit of a setback. Officials at Electric Boat in Groton, Conn., have discovered that the \$1.7 billion **SEAWOLF** attack submarine being built there is too large for the Thames River. To move the vessel, the Navy will have to dredge a \$12 million, eight-mile channel. Some residents contend that the removal of 2.7 million cu. yds. of contaminated sludge will harm the fishing industry, and have called for a full environmental-impact study before the digging begins.

THEY'RE DANCING AS FAST AS THEY CAN

The **DISNEY** kingdom has lost some of its luster lately, with theme-park attendance down and movies like *The Maryling Man* striking out at the box office. But the Mickey Mouse organization aims to help restore the magic by reviving an old formula: the movie musical. The studio is now filming *Newsies*, a song-and-dance act based on a 1899 New York City newsboys' strike. The film is being directed by choreographer Kenny Ortega, a music-video veteran. Disney moguls believe the MTV generation will readily take to long-form musicals, which don't require Schwarzenegger-size budgets. The studio is getting two other musicals ready for release: the animated *Beauty and the Beast* and *Straight Talk*, starring Dolly Parton.



Can't get good help these days

VOX POP

Do you favor or oppose allowing executions to be shown on television?

Favor 25% Oppose 71%

Would viewing a prisoner's execution on TV make people more in favor of the death penalty?

More in favor 14%

Less in favor 36%

Wouldn't change 40%

Survey was done by Harris Interactive, Inc. for Newsweek. Margin of error is plus or minus 3 percentage points.



Extra! Extra! Big studio aims for hit formula!

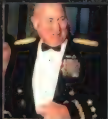
The Schwarzkopf Collection A four-star wardrobe for every occasion, every climate



Pomp and Circumstance. Addressing 937 midshipmen at a steamy Annapolis graduation ceremony, he stays crisp and cool in Army whites.



Who's the Boss? He questioned Bush's early halt to the ground war, but this Army-green rig proves the general was never saddled with a wimpy image.



Desert Calm. In a ballroom full of gussied-up journalists, he wears a quietly elegant dress-mess ensemble as the hacks swarm around for an autograph.



The Understated Look. For briefings and bivouacs, Norman of Kuwait's desert-patterned battle outfit complements the barren landscape.



At Ease, Sir! The war hero, with wife Brenda, relaxes at the Indy 500 in an Arthur Kent-style bush jacket over pale slacks.

You're driving by that
like you do every day,
asks you what they
answer that you're not
occurs to you that you



It also occurs to you that you don't have the foggiest idea how to go about finding out.

Well, we can't say we blame you. Over the years, our industry hasn't exactly been noted

for open doors, much less open dialogue.

But recently, the member companies of the Chemical Manufacturers Association have

esteemed in a firsthand look at the way we make, handle and dispose of chemicals. Because, ultimately, the best way to answer your questions about what goes on behind the walls of our plants is to show you what goes on behind the walls of our plants.

We're opening the lines of communication in other ways. In some cases, quite literally. Call **1-800-624-4321*** and we'll tell you

chemical plant, just
when one of your kids
make in there and you
really sure and it
probably should be.

taken some crucial steps towards changing that. Through an effort called Responsible Care.*

Many of us, for example, are now regularly holding community meetings. Which give the people who live near our plants an opportunity to tell us about their fears and concerns. And to ask questions of the people who actually run the plant, day in and day out.

Others are offering tours to anyone inter-

ested in a firsthand look at the way we make, handle and dispose of chemicals. We'll also send you our **Responsible Care® Brochure**, which details other ways we're working to keep you informed.

So that the next time you're driving by that chemical plant, like you do every day, and one of your kids asks you what they make in there, you can tell him.

*8 a.m. to 7 p.m. EDT

**The Chemical
Manufacturers Association.**

We want you to know.



The celebrations of Desert Storm have taken longer than the war itself. They began on March 8, when the first contingent of Persian Gulf veterans came home to rousing cheers and yards of yellow ribbon. They reached a pinnacle in Washington last Saturday (above), as more than 8,000 troops, led by General Norman Schwarzkopf, marched down Constitution

Avenue to the Pentagon. An estimated 200,000 flag-waving spectators cheered as M1A1 tanks rumbled by and Stealth fighters flew overhead. New York City vowed to outdo the capital this week with a ticker-tape parade through lower Manhattan.

This being America, the festivities have provided fertile opportunities for patriotic marketing. And this being America, they

have also given rise to disputes over their cost and appropriateness. In Seattle a planned parade was called off after three months of wrangling. Last week the U.S. Senate protested the inclusion of the Syrian flag in the Washington parade because of Syria's support of groups responsible for the Lockerbie bombing. But organizers said the flag of every nation that took part in

TIME/JUNE 17, 1991

AMERICA'S POSTWAR MOOD

Making Sense of The Storm

Victory in the gulf may not have achieved all that Americans hoped for, but there are many reasons for glorious—even giddy—celebration

By NANCY GIBBS

"There never was a good war or a bad peace," Benjamin Franklin wrote to Josiah Quincy in 1773, expressing a simple truth that helps explain why Americans cheer so loudly as the victorious soldiers march through the center of town, leaving behind a trail of limp ticker tape, burst balloons—and grumbling pundits. Some people will carp at the giddy excess and point out that the U.S. is cheering while the gulf still burns. They may be overlooking something that has changed in the way Americans think about themselves and what their country has achieved by war. It is at least possible that the great postwar party now in progress is more a mark of national maturity than of smugness and jingoism.

The hoopla, to be sure, is partly triggered by the fact that Americans have not had much else to cheer about lately, that saluting the soldiers is a welcome diversion from a sagging economy, racial divisiveness and other woes on the home front. But the celebrations cannot be written off completely, or even mostly, as escapism. The war in the gulf was one that most Americans were willing—but not eager—to fight, and that distinction has shaped their assessment of its ambiguous aftermath.

Last December, a few weeks before the smart bombs and cruise missiles began to

rain down on Baghdad, National Security Adviser Brent Scowcroft posed a question: "Can the U.S. use force—even go to war—for carefully defined national interests, or do we have to have a moral crusade or a galvanizing event like Pearl Harbor?" Put another way, Scowcroft was asking whether a nation traumatized by its defeat in Vietnam had grown up enough to accept its leadership responsibilities in the murkier world that emerged with the end of the cold war.

For a time last year, as George Bush searched for a convincing rationale for transforming Desert Shield into Desert Storm, he seemed to believe that Americans were not prepared for this new era of limited challenges—and limited victories. The President's rhetoric suggested the view that only if Saddam Hussein was painted as evil incarnate could Bush rally the people behind him. Left unopposed, the President declared, the takeover of Kuwait would allow Saddam to hold Western economies hostage. On the other hand, Bush hinted, an American victory would help usher in a new world order and improve prospects for peace in the Middle East. Privately, he and his aides were far less ambitious in their predictions of what the war would accomplish.

The evidence since the fighting stopped suggests that Americans would have endorsed Bush's policy even if the President had shared his more pessimistic forecasts about the war's results. To most,

Operation Desert Storm, including Syria's, belonged in the \$12 million spectacle. Before the parade began, the President laid a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknowns. Kuwait is a free nation, he said, because "we dared risk our most precious asset, our sons and daughters, our brothers and sisters, our husbands and wives—the finest troops any country has ever had."



Private honors: Dan Olson remembers his son Patrick, an A-10 pilot who perished in the gulf

Should Americans be proud of what the U.S. accomplished during the fighting?

Yes **89%** No **9%**

Should Americans be proud of what the U.S. has accomplished in the Middle East since the fighting ended?

Yes **68%** No **25%**

Were President Bush's goals for the war in Iraq reasonable or too optimistic?

Reasonable **69%** Too optimistic **25%**

From a telephone poll of 1,000 Americans, published by CNN. The poll was conducted from April 4-5, 1999. The poll was conducted by the CNN/Opinion Research Center. The poll was conducted by the CNN/Opinion Research Center.

turning back aggression and preventing a despot from getting a stranglehold on a vital oil supply were sufficient reasons for the use of American force.

Yes, Saddam remains in power; yes, his defeated army turned its guns on Iraq's own people, slaughtering tens of thousands of Shi'ite and Kurdish rebels while allied troops stood on the sidelines; yes, the restored Kuwaiti monarchy has made no progress toward democratization and has itself been guilty of human-rights violations; and yes, Secretary of State James Baker's attempt to bring Israel and its Arab neighbors together has met with nothing but frustration. Still, more than 3 out of 4 people questioned in a TIME/CNN poll conducted last week by Yankelovich Clancy Shulman believe the war was worth fighting.

The complicated way in which Americans have assessed the meaning of victory has led to some confusion about their feelings. The outpouring of relief that erupted when the fighting ended, for example, was first mistaken for euphoria and is now at times wrongly taken for chest-pounding superpatriotism. In fact, there were many reasons for the mood of celebration, and most of them are laudable.

Those who say that the parades are too gaudy and grand might, for example, consider them as acts of contrition. "We are overreacting a bit," says Troy Putnam, an accountant in Norcross, Ga., "but patriotism is such a great alternative to what we have had. A major reason for the overreaction is that we are looking over the shoulders of the gulf soldiers and giving delayed honors to the Vietnam veterans."

Back in 1972, when Tom Root returned

from Vietnam as a 21-year-old Army corporal, he hid in an airport bathroom wishing he could change into civilian clothes before running the gauntlet of war protesters. When he and his Illinois National Guard unit returned from the gulf last month, the parade stretched 13 miles along an Illinois interstate. "The response of the community was overwhelming," he says. "We were not prepared for the homecoming we got."

The celebrations also welcome the return of American competence, which may explain why the parades include weapons as well as soldiers. "We tested our war machinery, and we know we have the most sophisticated war machine in the world today," says Ben Perkins, a union organizer in Detroit who personally opposed the war from the start. "We've got a new sense of patriotism, and I guess that's good, but that was a hell of a price to pay for it."

The hope, of course, is that the impression of U.S. technological pre-eminence will bring other rewards. "If there is a long-lasting effect of the war, it is the tremendous confidence that Americans have rediscovered in themselves. In their industries and in their country," observes Sheldon Kamieniecki, a specialist in political opinion at the University of Southern California. In the past decade, he argues, Americans came to believe they could not produce reliable products and had lost the technological war to Germany and Japan. "This was built in to the American psyche during the '80s on so many talk shows and in the intellectual debate over the U.S. decline," he says. "The war really removed that in a profound way that will

be long lasting, well past the year 2000."

The mood in the streets also touches on America's role in the world, another area where people's attitudes have become more sophisticated than in years past. What Americans wanted more than anything else, argues University of Denver psychologist Paul Block, "is some proof of our control of the international situation, to make things go the way we want them to, to prevent people from doing what we consider to be wrong." The swiftness of the allied victory would deter future invaders; America's leverage in war would be the best guarantor of peace.

But that does not mean most people are eager for the U.S. to be the world's policeman. "The changing nature of power will take more patience than what we've seen before," says Joseph Nye at Harvard. "True, America is No. 1, but No. 1 isn't what it used to be." For all the exhortations and promise of a new world order, most people harbor a healthy cynicism about the chance of bringing lasting peace to an ancient war zone.

Most Americans were never beguiled by visions of a new world order and are more grateful for what was actually won than embittered by the failure to obtain what was never achievable. "We want so badly to be proud of our nation and ourselves," says Gil Rene, whose wife Denise was called to the gulf last October by her reserve unit three days after their wedding. "Well, it's over now," Rene adds. "We got the job done, all right? Let's move on. It didn't change the world, or world politics. It didn't change anything. They all still hate us in the Middle East."

If we decided to devote resources equal to those of the Persian Gulf War to domestic issues, which of these goals could we reach?

Providing American children with the best education of any nation in the world **73%**

Providing all Americans with the most advanced health-care system **64%**

Making the U.S. the most economically competitive nation **54%**

Having the cleanest environment of any nation **53%**

Guaranteeing Americans the highest standard of living in the world **43%**



Simple pleasures: home again in Oceanside, Calif., Desert Storm vets rediscover favorite diversions

People are applying the same sense of patient pragmatism to the country's home-grown troubles. Once frustrated critics asked why, if America could land men on the moon, it could not cure its domestic ills. Now they ask the same question about the easy win in the gulf. In the weeks just after the war, Democrats longingly predicted a backlash at home from expectations raised and then dashed. What would happen, they mused, when Americans woke up the next morning to find the homeless still outside their doors, the addicts still shooting each other, their schools firing teachers for lack of funds? "People want to have their money back—for their neighborhoods, for their streets, for their kids, for themselves," says Boston city councillor David Scodras.

Here too, it turns out, the public is more realistic about the limits of power. Far from being a victim of his own success, the President seems to float high above the domestic problems, insulated even from disapproval of his own policies. The TIME/CNN survey found that only 39% of the public applaud Bush's handling of the economy, while 71% feel he spends too little time on domestic affairs. Yet his overall approval rating flutters around 72%. "People are perfectly capable of believing in a national ascendancy and not linking it to our inability to solve our social problems," says Kamieniecki. "That unfortunate dichotomy is part of the reason we don't solve our social problems." The same forgiveness extends to the President's failure to bring a speedy end to the recession.

With household budgets—not to men-

tion state and fiscal coffers—so empty, some parade organizers are finding it hard to justify the sums they are spending. Seattle ended up canceling its event for lack of funds—but that may have been a blessing, since several of the organizers had quit in a dispute over who should participate. In Washington, Desert Storm Homecoming Foundation president Harry Walters defended the \$12 million price tag for last weekend's colossal event by arguing that "the cost of war is high, the price of freedom higher. What does it cost when you bury a person or cut off his leg? How do you celebrate for 540,000 soldiers who came home alive? What's the cost of celebrating that? I don't know. The pencil pushers aren't guiding people on celebrating this war."

That most of the funds are coming from private donations (the Pentagon kicked in \$6 million) raises some problems of its own. Shameless commercialism is once again proving to be the grease on America's engine of self-congratulation. Corporations booked airtime as though victory were a sporting event. Budweiser suggested that Chicago tavern patrons show their patriotism by buying one for the boys in uniform. The Brach candy company began offering "three patriotic candies in special patriotic packaging," reminding anyone who didn't know that "from the shores of Tripoli to the desert sands of Saudi Arabia, E.J. Brach Corp. has always supported America's military." All profits will be donated to the U.S.O.'s "Operation Welcome Home" fund.

Elsewhere Operation Welcome Home captured the battles of postwar America very neatly. New York Post columnist Ray

Kerrison deplored the fact that General Norman Schwarzkopf, representing a military that bars homosexuals from its ranks, would be serenaded in New York City's ticker-tape parade by the Lesbian and Gay Big Apple Corps Band. The *Village Voice* suggested selling charred mannequin limbs along the parade route. Families of the victims of Pan Am Flight 103 objected to Syrian participation in the Washington parade, on the grounds that the country sponsors terrorism.

Many returning soldiers express some embarrassment at being so lavishly feted when the war was so short, the toll on the other side so heavy. Marching alongside Vietnam veterans hammers home the point that the "whole Persian Gulf war didn't amount to a bad weekend in Vietnam," says Tom Storey, 44, a truck driver who loaded bombs onto Phantom jets during some of the heaviest fighting in the late 1960s. "There were times in Vietnam when we took more casualties in two days than they did in that whole thing."

It may be because victory was so swift that the celebrations are lasting so long. Only one huge parade followed the end of the Civil War, and World War II was not much different. The reason, historians explain, is that people were so desperate for their lives to return to normal, after so many years of tension and suspense and sacrifice. Some returning gulf troops are starting to feel the same way, particularly reservists who are eager to reassemble the pieces of the lives they dropped on 24 hours' notice. "The first few parades, they've been happy about but after a while it's becoming more of a job than a celebration," says Sergeant First Class Maurice Finsterwald of Fort

Nation

Hood, Texas. "A lot of parades are on weekends, and the soldiers are looking forward to having the time off."

When that time off finally comes, the soldiers and their families will finally have a chance to sit back and consider what has changed—and what hasn't—since they were last together. Many soldiers' marriages, shaky before Desert Storm began, became casualties of the war. Tom Hacker, of Sterling, Ill., marched off to the gulf with his National Guard unit in January. He came home to a hero's welcome in May and a pink slip from the hardware factory where he had worked as a tool-and-dye man. "I felt terrible about it, but the state of orders and the circumstances of business made it necessary," says Stan Whiteman, the personnel manager at the factory. Said Hacker: "It was like a kick in the teeth."

The strains of reunion have been hardest for veterans who are single parents. Last November, June Cooper of Mesa, Ariz., left behind her son Jason, 4, who is deaf in

one ear, when the 403rd Combat Support Hospital, an Arizona reserve unit, was called up. The boy spent weekdays with the director of his preschool and weekends with his grandparents. When Cooper returned after a six-month tour of duty in Saudi Arabia, she found it was a struggle at first. "Jason just clung to my side, everywhere I went—he even followed me to the bathroom. He was always asking, 'Mom, where are you going now?'" So for the first two or three weeks when I got back, I tried to spend as much time with him as I could."

But for most veterans, these are times for quieter ceremonies: the thanks for loyal neighbors and friends, for care packages, for letters: the new appreciation of the simplest freedoms; and the chance to put behind them a war that came by surprise, and mercifully ended before it could create a new generation of martyrs. It is because their sons and daughters were spared that people will line the streets while the soldiers pass by, but that should not be mis-

taken for gloating, or amnesia, or indifference to the suffering that continues in the shadow of the war.

To return to Scowcroft's question: depending on who is drawing them, the lessons of Vietnam fall into two categories. To Bush, America's defeat showed that if the U.S. goes to war it must go to win—with overwhelming force instead of gradual escalation. To his critics, the message was that America must not go to war without the solid support of Congress and the people. In the gulf, both propositions were put to the test, and both were vindicated: the U.S. accomplished much, if not all, it set out to, at a gratifyingly low cost in lives and treasure, while carefully obeying every constitutional dictate and maintaining a surprising degree of public unity. That, and not mere triumph, is what is worth celebrating in an orgy of flags, marching men and patriotic songs. —*Reported by Ann Blackman/Washington, Jordan Bonfante/Los Angeles and William McWhirter/Chicago*

How Many Iraqi Soldiers Died?

One of the shadows dimming the exuberant mood of the victory parades is the thought of the masses of Iraqi soldiers killed. In one of the most lopsided battles in history, 389 Americans were killed and 357 were wounded; other allied forces suffered 77 dead and 830 wounded. But how many Iraqis died? No one really knows or probably ever will.

In response to a Freedom of Information Act request filed by the Natural Resources Defense Council, an environmental group, the Defense Intelligence Agency last week released an internal estimate of 100,000 Iraqi soldiers killed, 300,000 wounded. But DIA said those figures had an "error factor of 50% or higher"—to a statistician, a grotesque number. The Pentagon has little wish to refine its figures either. It has strained to avoid both the derision aroused by the body counts announced during the Vietnam War and anything that might sound like a callous boast. Some other assessments indicate the U.S. figures may be too high. Postwar visitors to Iraq have not seen enough injured veterans to justify a wounded-in-action figure anywhere near 300,000. British officials estimate Iraqi losses of 30,000 dead, 100,000 wounded—a bare third of the Pentagon's count.

All these numbers are based on a series of extrapolations. First, calculate the approximate number of enemy troops on hand at the beginning of the war. Then, subtract the number of prisoners and the estimated total of deserters. Finally, apply to the remaining force standard ratios: of each 10 soldiers engaged,



A wrecked tank and two of the uncounted dead

say, so-and-so many can be counted as killed, so-and-so many wounded.

The starting figures are derived from several sources: satellite and aerial-reconnaissance photos, interrogation of prisoners of war, reports from spies and special forces operating behind enemy lines, historical ratios of what percentages of forces engaged have been killed or wounded in past battles. Actual counts of corpses in the gulf war were uncommon. Most dead Iraqis were buried hastily by their comrades before the ground war or by Saudi soldiers after it, with little or no tally.

The gulf war was fought largely by air attacks against ground forces. Allied officers have tried to calculate the casualties from the numbers of tanks, other vehicles and artillery pieces destroyed. But aerial photography cannot disclose, for example, how many men a wrecked armored

personnel carrier might have carried, let alone how many were killed or wounded or escaped unharmed.

Also, the U.S. figure of 540,000 enemy soldiers in Kuwait and southern Iraq when the war began seems much too high. It was based on satellite photos from which allied commanders counted the number of divisions deployed. But later interviews with prisoners indicated that many of the units were well below their official strength. Prisoner interrogations also hinted that desertions were even higher than the 150,000 the Pentagon estimated. Allied troops at the start of the ground war found the Iraqi defenses surprisingly thinly manned. So there may not have been enough Iraqis on hand to suffer 400,000 casualties, even if every last one was killed or wounded.

**NIXON**

Saved from prosecution by Gerald Ford's 1974 pardon, the 37th President now lives in suburban New Jersey.

**MITCHELL**

The former Attorney General, who served 19 months in prison for conspiracy, obstruction of justice and perjury, died in 1988.

**EHRlichMAN**

As No. 2 man on the White House staff, he helped direct the cover-up. He served 18 months, and now lives and writes in Santa Fe.

**HALDEMAN**

The ex-chief of staff masterminded the cover-up until his 1973 resignation. He spent 18 months in jail, and now lives in California.

WATERGATE REVISITED

Notes from Underground

A fresh batch of White House tapes reminds a forgiving and forgetful America why Richard Nixon resigned in disgrace

By MARGARET CARLSON WASHINGTON

Only in America, the land of fresh starts and clean slates, could someone who fell from power in such complete disgrace return to tell heads of state how the world should be run and not be laughed off the editorial page.

Richard Nixon has managed that feat by following a kind of self-imposed work-release program ever since he resigned and left for San Clemente, Calif., in 1974, churning out dozens of articles and seven books on subjects ranging from Vietnam to geopolitics. Former aide-turned-bête-noire John Dean summed it up neatly: "He's running for the office of ex-President, and he's won."

Quick to forget, anxious to forgive, many Americans began to wonder whether Nixon had ever really been as bad as all that. Just how thoroughly he has been resurrected was underlined earlier this month when the Washington Post, a primary agent of his destruction, gave front-page play in its opinion section to his plan for granting economic aid to the Soviet Union.

So last week's release of 60 more hours of White House tapes came as a timely reminder that Nixon is not simply an author and global analyst but an undicted co-conspirator who is lucky to have escaped prison. Listen to any random conversation, on any day, and the mask of respectable elder statesman melts away to reveal a deceitful, lowbrow, vindictive character, dangerously armed with the full power of the IRS, FBI and CIA, and all too willing to use it. Audit his enemies, he orders. "We have

to do it artfully so that we don't create an issue by abusing the IRS politically," says Nixon, warming to the subject. "And there are ways to do it. Goddam it, sneak in in the middle of the night."

The so-called smoking-gun tapes that prompted Nixon's resignation were released in August 1974. They are the ones that contain the incriminating conversations on stonewalling Congress and paying hush money to the hired hands who executed the ill-fated Watergate break-in. They also detail many of the charges of obstruction of justice, perjury, tax evasion, wiretapping and destruction of evidence that landed some of Nixon's closest aides—including Attorney General John Mitchell, chief of staff Bob Haldeman, White House adviser John Ehrlichman and counsel John Dean—in jail.

The latest batch of tapes, which languished for nearly two decades in the National Archives while Nixon lawyers and the government argued over how to release them, show just how coarse and ruthless a man he was. At one point he enthuses over a suggestion to recruit "eight thugs" from the Teamsters Union—"murderers"—to gang up on peace protesters. "They've got guys who will go in and knock their heads off," says Nixon. "Sure," adds Haldeman, "Beat the s--- out of some of these people."

These recordings are the latest in a series of tapes that are made public every so often, like time-release capsules, to administer a healthy dose of reality whenever Nixon seems to have rehabilitated himself. Full of sentence fragments and garbled

syntax, a cross between Valley Girl-speak and locker-room profanity, the tapes reveal Nixon in the raw, unimproved by speechwriters, aides or editors. Contrast his statesmanlike published prose on the Soviet Union's "strategic challenge of global proportion, which requires a renewed strategic consciousness" with this typical passage from the tapes about sucking his Commissioner Johnnie Walters for refusing to harass Nixon's enemies: "Kick Walters' ass out first, and get a man in there." So damaging are the tapes to the Nixon rehabilitation that Republican Party leaders, who had been considering a Nixon appearance at the 1992 convention, are now rethinking the invitation.

The tapes show that long before he was under siege by the Watergate investigators, he was under siege by his own demons. His re-election campaign belied its official slogan—"Bring Us Together"—by beginning with a pogrom. "I want there to be no hold-overs left. The whole goddam bunch go out ... and if [George Shultz] doesn't do it, he's out as [Treasury] Secretary." Nixon returns to his purge later: "You're out, you're out, you're finished, you're done, done, finished. Knocked the hell out of there." And these are his own people.

When Nixon's attention turns to his real enemies—Jews, Democrats, liberals, intellectuals, anyone who came from a loftier social background than he did—the President erupts in spurts of venom about clowns in government, conspiratorial leakers, preacher types, gum-chewing reporters, Kennedys. "A lot of our own people come in here, and they start sucking around the Georgetown set. All of a sudden, they're just as bad as the others ... They're disgusting." He speculates that the antiwar protests are part of a Jewish plot. "Aren't the Chicago Seven all Jews? [Rennie] Davis is a Jew, you know." Told that



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he wasn't, Nixon guesses again. "Hoffman, Hoffman's a Jew?" he asks Haldeman, who confirms that, yes, Abbie Hoffman is Jewish. "About half of these are Jews," Nixon concludes.

The one person for whom Nixon showed a grudging respect was J. Edgar Hoover—the only man in Washington with an enemies list longer than his own. Nixon wanted to get rid of Hoover but feared that the FBI director might "bring down the temple" by releasing compromising information from his thick files. Fate settled the matter on May 2, 1972, when Hoover died of a heart attack. Months later, Nixon delivered his own kind of eulogy, musing, "There was senility and everything... He wasn't perfect, but he ran a tight ship. God-dam it, that's the way."

But for all his paranoia, Nixon's own ship was anything but tight. For that, he had no one to blame but himself. He was the one who ordered the installation of concealed recording devices in the Oval Office, the Executive Office Building and Camp David, yet he continued to carry on crude, incoherent and ultimately incriminating conversations. As late as April 25, 1973, well after the smoking-gun conversations about stonewalling and hush money, Nixon was still congratulating himself on the secret system. "I'm damn glad we have it, aren't you?" he crowed.

Nixon seems to destroy himself every so often in order to keep fighting. Able to live without friends, but not without enemies, he needed Helen Gahagan Doug-

las, the cloth coat, the Checkers speech, the 1960 defeat—and maybe even Watergate. It is not the desire to scale great heights that gets Nixon up in the morning and sends him to his New Jersey office, where he waits for the phone to ring and tries to peddle op-ed pieces on geopolitics; it is the need to claw his way out of a dark hole of his own digging.

While other former Presidents are content to do good works, serve on boards and play golf, Nixon, like the Energizer bunny, just goes on and on and on. At the Nixon library in Yorba Linda, Calif., beside the small, white frame farmhouse where Nixon was born, a movie called *Never Give Up: Richard Nixon in the Arena* runs continuously in the 293-seat theater. It's a reel he plays over and over in his own mind. ■

THE WHITE HOUSE

In a Sentimental Mood

Newly aware of his mortality, Bush displays a more emotional and introspective side

By MICHAEL DUFFY WASHINGTON

George Bush's first brush with death left barely a scratch on him. As a young pilot in 1944, he bailed out of a burning plane and spent several hours bobbing aimlessly in the Pacific before being picked up by a submarine. If, as Bush later claimed, he took time "to talk to God" after his rescue, crew members of the U.S.S. *Finback* didn't notice; what they most remember about the young man they nicknamed "Elephant" was his thunderous imitation of a pachyderm on a mud stampede.

Scuffling at mortality is normal at 20, but impossible at 66. Bush again came face to face with the prospect of dying five weeks ago after his heart began to fibrillate as he was jogging at Camp David. The result has been a subtle but unmistakable change in Bush's outlook and demeanor. In both public and private, he has become more candid and confiding, less guarded and much funnier. His patrician reserve has cracked a lot, and the emotions he has long held in check are suddenly visible.

Last week, addressing the Southern Baptist Convention in Atlanta, Bush admitted that he cried while wrestling with the decision to begin the air war against Saddam Hussein. "You know us Episcopalians," Bush said, his eyes moistening again. "Like a lot of people, I have worried a little bit about shedding tears in public. But as Barbara and I prayed at Camp David... we were thinking about those young men and women overseas and the tears started down the cheeks, and our minister



"I no longer worried how it looked."

smiled back and I no longer worried how it looked to others."

For Bush, who tends his public persona more carefully than it often seems, this is a startling departure. Until recently, he routinely skipped over highly emotional lines in speeches out of fear that his voice would crack and he would lose his composure. As he told reporters after the Atlanta speech, he's now willing to take that risk. "That's the way it was, why not say it?"

That was the best example of Bush's new expansiveness, but it was hardly the only one. Old friends say Bush's handwritten notes have become more thoughtful than usual, and longer as well. In recent weeks, Bush has been positively confessional in public, extending press briefings beyond normal time limits and having full

conversations with strangers when a handshake or a photograph used to be the order of the day. It isn't only because he wants to prove that he is healthy enough to handle the job, though he has certainly worked hard at that. Bush is talking about himself more, how he's feeling mentally, and why. As Bush told an aide last week, "I didn't use to do that kind of stuff."

Uncomfortable indulging in what he derides as "climbing on the couch," Bush has in the past loathed this sort of self-analysis. Now his aides are noticing more introspection. While confidence born of Bush's Desert Storm success accounts for some of his new candor, his aides date the introspection to early May, not March. "You really are seeing a lot more of the personal side of George Bush," said one. "Part of it is that he's more confident as President. But it's more than that, and part of it is the heart thing."

Nowhere is the President's new openness more evident than in his self-conscious attitude toward his health. Instead of "keeping it all in," as he did with a bleeding ulcer in 1960, Bush provides an almost daily commentary on his sleeping and eating habits, weight, morale and energy level. Though some might think it politically wiser to omit any mention of presidential maladies or medications, particularly with Dan Quayle as Vice President, Bush apparently does not. At a horseshoe throw last week on the South Lawn, Bush appeared in a T shirt featuring the milking end of a dead cow, its feet straight up in the air, with the caption REA-LY, I'M FINE.

Such winning gestures reveal a side of the President only glimpsed before. By being less calculating and more confiding—acting less like a politician, really—Bush could become even more appealing to voters. For Democrats, the President's new human dimension is another piece of bad news. ■

FIREARMS

Chicago's Uphill Battle

As housing officials ban weapons, the N.R.A. has a novel solution to crime in the projects: more guns

By ALEX PRUD'HOMME

There are few innocents in Chicago's violent public housing projects. Children who live in the 19 complexes scattered around the city regularly witness random shootings and brutal deaths. One of the first things they learn is to hit the deck when gunfire erupts. Playing in the courtyard of the Henry Horner Homes—a 21-building project made infamous by Alex Kotlowitz's book *There Are No Children Here*—Meeka Boyd, 11, described the shooting of a young man on a basketball court that she saw last year. Her friend Netisha Stroger, also 11, saw a girl shot in the leg on the playground. "When it's real hot out, it's real bad," says Netisha. "That's when people start shooting, and you can't go outside. It's scary."

The statistics are certainly frightening. Police say one innocent bystander is shot at every day in the projects, one is hit by gunfire every week, one is killed every month. Last year Chicago's public-housing complexes saw 72 murders, the vast majority involving firearms; in the first four months of this year, the toll was already 36.

To curb the violence, the Chicago Housing Authority has begun to enforce a 20-year-old rule forbidding tenants to keep guns on its premises. Since 1988, when Vincent Lane was named C.H.A. chairman, Operation Clean Sweep has sent teams of police and housing-authority guards to conduct surprise searches for weapons, drugs and illegal residents in project buildings. In 1989 Secretary of Housing and Urban Development Jack Kemp praised Clean Sweep as a "model for the rest of the country." The operation has posted impressive results so far: the police confiscated 817 weapons last year and 214 in the first three months of 1991. But faced with a flourishing drug trade and an illegal-arms bazaar, the C.H.A. is fighting an uphill battle.

Now that struggle to be big made even more difficult by the National Rifle Association. Last month the N.R.A.'s deputy general counsel, Robert Dowlut, charged that the C.H.A.'s gun ban infringes on residents' constitutional right to bear arms. The N.R.A. maintains that law-abiding residents need guns to protect themselves from criminals. Furthermore, it says, because

most of Chicago's public-housing residents are black, a ban on guns would have a "disproportionate impact on persons of African heritage"—a particularly offensive argument since virtually all the victims of project shootings are also black.

While the N.R.A. has yet to sue the housing authority, Richard Gardiner, director of the gun lobby's state government-relations division, says a future lawsuit is possible. Among other possibilities, he adds, is "using legislation to prohibit housing authorities from putting such [antigun] provisions in place."

The N.R.A.'s protest has infuriated Chicago's housing officials. C.H.A. chairman Lane calls the N.R.A.'s protest an "intrusion on public-housing residents. Clearly they are not the N.R.A.'s constituency. Eighty percent of the residents are single mothers, with children, on welfare. I can tell you they are not out hunting pheasant or taking target practice. The only use of weapons in the housing projects is for negative reasons." And Ira Harris, chief of the housing police, blisters the N.R.A. for attempting to focus the debate on the question of race. Says he: "They have never cared about black people before."

The illogic—some would say hypocrisy—of the N.R.A.'s position is underscored by the fact that there has been little visible support within the project for its initiative. On the contrary, members of the

Mother's Guild, a tenants' advocacy group at the Henry Horner Homes, strongly favor the gun ban. Though guild member Hazel Holmes has been robbed several times, she says she does not want a gun for protection. "I was raised in Mississippi, and my father had hunting guns around the house," she explains. "But he always [said] that guns are not for killing humans."

Another irony in the N.R.A.'s stance is that while it claims to be upholding the constitutional rights of the



Hundreds of pistols, rifles and shotguns have been seized

C.H.A.'s 150,000 authorized tenants, most of the firepower seems to be in the hands of illegal occupants. Police estimate that 80% of the crime in the projects is caused by 50,000 to 70,000 unauthorized residents, often gang members who move in with their girlfriends or take over empty apartments.

The Chicago dispute is not the first time the N.R.A. has attacked such gun bans. A similar measure in Portland, Ore., was defeated in 1988 when both the state attorney general and the N.R.A. objected. When a federal judge upheld a Richmond ban on guns in public housing last December, N.R.A. lobbyists swung into action; in April the state legislature outlawed such restrictions.

The N.R.A.'s air of invincibility was badly shaken last month when the House of Representatives voted overwhelmingly in favor of the Brady bill. The gun lobby had orchestrated a massive campaign against the bill, which will require a seven-day waiting period for all handgun purchases. Now cities from Los Angeles to New York are monitoring the debate over the Chicago gun ban. Says Marshall Kandell, a spokesman for the Housing Authority of the City of Los Angeles: "If the enforcement of a gun ban in the Chicago housing projects is successful, you can bet that the Los Angeles Housing Authority and housing authorities across the country will take a close look." All the more reason to hope that Operation Clean Sweep will keep on sweeping. —Reported by Nina Burleigh/Chicago and Elizabeth L'Hommiedieu/San Francisco

In 1990 there were 72 murders in the projects, most of them involving firearms; in the first four months of this year, the toll was already up to 36

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AMERICAN NOTES



Rivals: Allgood and Henderson

EDUCATION

Grade-Point Showdown

Choosing a valedictorian is usually a simple matter: the pupil with the top grades gets the honor. But for two rival students at Newton County High School in Cowington, Ga., even a federal judge couldn't settle a

dispute that has roiled the racially volatile school.

Originally the school board had selected Johnathan Henderson, who is black, had a grade-point average of 96.96, winning awards in trigonometry, physics and Latin, plus scholarships totaling \$42,500. But C. Thomas Allgood III sued. Allgood, who is white, claimed he should be the top graduate because his grade-point average was 97.7. Problem: his scores included two years of grades from the virtually all-white private school from which he had transferred, an institution whose accreditation was in dispute.

Last week, after the school board deadlocked on the issue, U.S. District Judge Marvin Shoob issued a Solomonian decree: the two students would share the honor. But Henderson declined: "I refuse to share in what I feel is an injustice." ■

BERMUDA TRIANGLE

It's Still the Lost Squadron

When a cluster of five Navy Avenger planes was found off the coast of Fort Lauderdale last month, salvage experts were sure they had at last found Flight 19. Known as the Lost Squadron, its disappearance in 1945 had helped launch the legend of the Bermuda Triangle. Preliminary evidence seemed to support the experts' conclusion: the identifying numbers of two of the planes

were the same, as was the number of downed aircraft.

But in a surprise about-face last week, high-tech salvagers who found the planes announced they were not the Lost Squadron after all. They appeared to be five separate aircraft that had crashed within 1½ miles of each other on individual training missions. Still, Graham Hawkes, who headed the search, resisted the legend of the Triangle. "I don't know where Flight 19 is," he said. "But it's certainly in the ocean and not up with the aliens anywhere." ■



The aviation mystery continues: the lead plane of Flight 19 in 1945



Young love: future groom and bride with their parents

AIDS

Till Death Do Them Part

Ricky Ray wants to marry his 16-year-old sweetheart. That's a little young to tie the knot—but then Ricky is only 14. Normally, says his mother Louise, she would "kick his butt" and tell him to wait. But Ricky is not normal: he has AIDS and probably not much time to live. "I don't know if I'll live two weeks, two months, two years or 100 years," he says. "I just want to spend the rest of my time with the girl I love."

The girl he loves, Wenonah Lindberg, says they plan to learn about safe sex and will abstain

from intercourse. Her parents have given their blessing to a Dec. 13 wedding in Texas, where 14-year-olds can legally marry. "She has a better chance of contracting HIV from dating than with Ricky," says her mother Debbie. "If she does, it's God's will." Adds Ricky's father: "All we want is for him to be happy."

Ricky, one of three hemophiliac brothers thought to have contracted AIDS from tainted blood, wants Wenonah to share in a \$1.4 million settlement his family won in 1987 from a Florida school district that barred the boys from classes. But Wenonah is hardly marrying for money: Ricky gets just \$300 a month for 10 years. ■

CIVIL RIGHTS

Headed for A Veto?

It looked like a lopsided win for the Democrats last week when their civil rights bill passed in the House, 273-158. But looks can be deceiving: the yeas fell 17 votes shy of the 290 (two-thirds of the full House) needed to override President Bush's promised veto. Bush has repeatedly charged that the legislation would encourage racial hiring quotas, though the bill specifically declares job quotas illegal.

The bill was intended to counter a series of Supreme Court decisions that make it

more difficult for workers to win job-discrimination lawsuits. Democrats accuse the President of playing racial politics, preferring to flog the quota issue in next year's election rather than pass an effective law.

The bill now moves to the Senate, where there is already talk of compromise. A group of nine moderate Republicans, led by Missouri's John Danforth, have put together their own version in an attempt to bridge the gulf separating Bush and the Democrats. "There is still time to reach a compromise that will bring us together," said Democratic Senator Edward M. Kennedy. But the White House has so far shown little interest in negotiating. ■

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SOVIET UNION

Did You Say \$250 Billion?

Gorbachev insists he is entitled to aid from the West, but Bush is wary. Reason: he doubts the Soviet leader's commitment to total reform.

By BRUCE W. NELAN

The Russians are threatening the West again. Their increasingly strident pleas for billions of dollars in aid carry a subtext: if the U.S. and its industrialized allies do not come up with the money, a disintegrating Soviet Union may bleed all over them. Officials in Moscow talk of instability, possible civil war and a potential tidal wave of refugees clamoring to enter Western Europe. Some of them suggest that chaos in the U.S.S.R. could lead to nuclear war among the Soviet republics.

In his speech accepting the Nobel Peace Prize in Oslo last week, Mikhail Gorbachev joined the ominous chorus. If his reform program succeeds, he said in a passage aimed squarely at George Bush, a new world order is possible. But "if *perestroika* fails, the prospect of entering a new, peaceful period in history will vanish, at least for the foreseeable future." The West should hasten to assist *perestroika*, Gorbachev insisted, and "it is futile and dangerous to stand conditions."

The response from Washington and from the other members of the Group of Seven leading industrial democracies has been to set just the sort of conditions Gorbachev hopes to avoid. Bush is sincere when he says, "I want *perestroika* to succeed," and he intends to do what he can to make it happen. But the West does not believe that even massive aid—the figures being bandied about total something like \$250 billion over five years—will help unless the Soviet Union embarks on more fundamental changes than it has been willing to consider so far.

The most recent Soviet reform proposal envisages what some American experts call the "grand bargain" and uses the language of free-market economies. While it calls for privatization and easing up on price controls in return for support from the West, it is still a set of half measures. In fact, halfway seems to be about where Gorbachev intends to stop. He said in Oslo that his plan is to "establish a mixed market economy"—that is, something less than a free market. At the same time he admonished Western capitals not to hold back assistance until the Soviet Union's system comes to resemble theirs.

Bush values his working relationship with the Soviet President, at least partly because no one knows who or what might

The Not-So-Grand Bargain

Gorbachev's economic advisers are working on reform plans for discussion with the U.S. and the other members of the Group of Seven leading industrial countries. In a letter to the group last month, they proposed Soviet steps toward a free-market economy in return for an unspecified amount of aid from the West. The plan includes:

- Privatizing state-owned enterprises
- Easing price controls

follow him. Bush is grateful to Gorbachev for his decision to liberate Eastern Europe from the Kremlin's grip, his diplomatic support in the gulf war, his political reforms at home. He wants Gorbachev to understand that their differences over aid do not mean Bush is backing away from him. But Bush's private doubts about sending hundreds of billions to the U.S.S.R. are as strong as those his aides express publicly.

Among the Group of Seven, says a senior White House adviser, there is general agreement on two points. First, it is in no one's interest to send Moscow huge amounts of aid that it cannot use properly; and second, "the U.S. and its allies need to do everything else they can to support Gorbachev and the reformers."

To do that, Bush has decided on several steps. He will grant the Soviets the most-favored-nation trading status that more than 100 other countries have been given, and he will ask the Senate to ratify a U.S.-Soviet trade agreement. He has already increased credits for grain purchases, and plans to expand the program of technical assistance.

Those are not hollow offers. A large part of the Soviet Union's consumer crisis arises from mismanagement rather than a lack of resources. The Soviet oil and gas industry, for example, has enormous reserves but has suffered a crippling fall in production. Similarly, farms could provide food for the entire country if the primitive storage and distribution system were improved. Western experts can show the Soviets how to tackle these problems.

Administration officials agree that Gorbachev faces crucial decisions and believe what the U.S. should push for is not increased efficiency alone but transformation of the entire system. Says one: "We have to provide political and psychological support to the Soviets and encourage them to continue in the direction of reform." Until such a fundamental program is actually being carried out, the official says, "all the nations of the West are going to be very cautious."

In a speech to NATO foreign ministers in Copenhagen last week, Secretary of State James Baker listed several of the conditions for assistance that Gorbachev had tried to head off. The U.S.S.R. is potential-

ly a prosperous country, said Baker, but "to tap this potential, the Soviets must move to embrace a real market economy." And to provide stable political underpinning for it, Moscow should fully accept the rule of law, stop repressing the independence-minded Baltic states, cut its military spending and curtail or end its aid to "regimes that pursue internal repression," presumably including Cuba.

The Soviets, said Baker, will have to begin by helping themselves. "If they do, we will support them." But, referring to the starry-eyed talk of billions in aid, he added, "I don't honestly think we can catalyze Soviet reform through a big-bang approach."

Like Baker, Bush believes Soviet economic reform will be so agonizing that the West will have to dole out aid carefully, both to avoid waste and to give the Soviets an incentive for sticking to a hard road. "Bush knows Gorbachev is a communist and has no visceral or intellectual commitment to market reforms," says one of the Administration's top Soviet specialists. "But Gorbachev knows his country is going down the drain and that he has to do something extraordinary."

Bush personified his current approach to the Soviet Union last week when he appointed Robert Strauss, a veteran Democratic Party leader and Washington lawyer, to be his next ambassador in Moscow. The appointment was hailed almost unanimously in Washington as a brilliant move. Strauss, 72, knows all there is to know about how Washington politics and American business work, though admittedly next to nothing about the Soviet Union. If Gorbachev pursues real economic change and there are deals to be made with him, Strauss can help close them. Of course, if reform stalls again and bilateral relations sour, Strauss could be out of business.

The on-again, off-again course of reform in the U.S.S.R. is no more certain in the future. Gorbachev said as much in Oslo, advising the West that "it would be self-deluding" to expect the Soviet Union to copy its system. One of his closest advisers, Yevgeni Primakov, a member of the Soviet Union's Security

- Decentralizing economic authority
- Rebuilding the national economy
- Passing new laws to create open markets and regulate foreign investment
- Creating a social safety net for the Soviet people

As it stands, the plan is too vague and transitional to overcome skepticism in the West, where the initial reaction has been to tell Moscow, First start the reforms, then we'll hand over the money.



World

Council, said in an interview that Moscow frowns on aid that is "tied to specific requirements."

Primakov promises only that the Soviet Union would "cover a certain part of the road toward a market economy" if the Group of Seven provides assistance, and says it would then seek more aid for further steps. As to political conditions of the sort Baker mentioned, the Soviet planner dismissed them: "I think there is no sense in making them." Washington knows that Moscow cannot appear to be selling its foreign policy for Western money, but wants to make sure the Soviets understand where they must make concessions.

In the next few weeks, Gorbachev will be able to make two direct appeals to Western leaders. Following an agreement that resolved apparent Soviet violations of the Conventional Forces in Europe treaty,

Moscow and Washington have now mounted what they hope will be the final push on START, the treaty that would reduce their strategic nuclear arsenals 25% to 30%. The two sides have designated START as their "top priority task." The summit Bush and Gorbachev were to hold in Moscow in February is likely to take place as soon as the treaty is ready for signing.

After months of trying to wangle an invitation and finally demanding one, Gorbachev will be asked to address the summit of the Group of Seven after its formal sessions wind up on July 17. The U.S. and Britain, the host country this year, had been reluctant to invite Gorbachev because they did not want to raise his expectations for aid. As Gorbachev said in Oslo, he thinks he is "entitled to expect large-scale support" to ensure *perestroika*'s success. But, said British Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd, "I am

sure Mr. Gorbachev is not expecting to find a check under the plate" at the London summit. Primakov and other Soviet officials say Gorbachev will not be asking for any specific amount of aid.

If his Oslo speech was a dress rehearsal for the two summits, Gorbachev might want to consider some fine tuning. Senior officials at the White House gave poor reviews to his approach—"telling us we have to help save the system they've got or they're going to lose control of their nukes." That was something close to "rhetorical mugging," said one official, and another called it "attempted extortion." Gorbachev is in no position to threaten. He is more likely to get results from the West if he switches to specific pledges and actual performance.

—Reported by James Carney/
Moscow, Dan Goodgame/Washington and J.F.O.
McAllister with Baker

Cuba: Moscow's Cheap Date

In a speech to NATO ministers in Copenhagen last week, Secretary of State James Baker asked why the Soviets, if they are so hard pressed, keep sending billions of dollars in aid to Cuba. The answer is that Moscow's aid is not what it used to be. In decades past, the Soviet Union provided Cuba with 90% of its oil at rates well below the world price and threw in extra supplies for the Cubans to resell for hard currency. Moscow also bought Cuban sugar at three to five times the world levels and supplied military hardware free. The total package used to be worth at least \$5 billion a year.

Those days are gone with *perestroika*. Like its trade with the former Comecon countries of Eastern Europe, Moscow's deals with Havana are now on a hard-currency basis at prevailing world prices. Under a 1991 agreement worth \$3.8 billion, the Soviet Union is to deliver 70 million bbl. of oil to Cuba and, in exchange, receive 4 million tons of sugar, plus citrus fruit, nickel and medical supplies.

Though the bookkeeping is in dollars, the deal is still mainly barter, and prices are adjusted by exchanging different quantities. For example, the Soviets now pay 18 instead of 27 bbl. of oil for a ton of Cuban sugar. Moscow still delivers military and industrial equipment free, but no one is quite sure what it is worth. Western intelligence agencies price it at about \$1 billion a year, but as Cuba's Deputy Foreign Minister, Jose Raul Viera, once described it, the equipment is "junk no one buys."

Anatoly Bekarevich, vice president of the Latin America Institute in Moscow, says it is "a great fantasy" to think aid to Cuba has much effect on the Soviet economy. "What we give Cuba is a drop in the sea," he says. It is also apparently beyond the Soviet Union's present capabilities. Last year Moscow promised to deliver 100 million bbl. of oil but managed only 70 million. For 1991 the Soviets are to match the 70 million, but Cuban trade experts doubt it will happen. "We can no longer count on them," says a senior official in Havana.

After dismantling most of the Soviet empire around the world, Gorbachev is reluctant to offer ammunition to his hard-line opponents at home by cutting ties to Cuba. With its listening post in Lourdes, the island continues to offer some strategic value to Moscow, though satellites and the end



Soviet wheat arrives in Havana: the aid is not what it used to be

of the East-West cold war have diminished its importance.

Anticipating that Soviet largesse will eventually dry up altogether, the Cubans have begun to look elsewhere for help. Thanks to a law on joint ventures, West Europeans are pouring millions of dollars into the Cuban tourist industry, building luxury ocean-side hotels. The Soviets now tell the U.S. that the sooner it lifts its trade embargo against Cuba, the sooner *perestroika* and *demokratizatsiya* will arrive on the island.

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Barnstorming With Boris

Travel aboard Yeltsin's campaign plane is not all caviar and Pepsi

By DAVID AIKMAN CHELYABINSK

A deserted stretch of shoreline on a radioactive lake is not the ideal place to argue the merits of building a new nuclear power plant. This may explain why V.I. Fetisov, director of the Mayak nuclear-waste processing plant near Chelyabinsk, had little to say to the large man with silvery hair and thundering voice. "It doesn't seem to me," said the presidential candidate, "that we should build a power station of the type they had in mind. Absolutely not. Do you want to stick an atom bomb right next to Chelyabinsk?"

It was vintage Boris Yeltsin. As local officials fidgeted and an accompanying press corps of 17 Soviet journalists—and one Western reporter—scribbled notes, Yeltsin showed how hard he could run for the Russian presidency. With five other candidates in the race and just days left before the June 12 election, one of Yeltsin's few advantages has been his position as chairman of the Russian parliament. The post permits him to set government policy and issue decrees. But it has also enabled him to order a VIP version of an Aeroflot Tupolev Tu-134 jet and stage a 12-city swing through north and central Russia.

Yeltsin has skillfully blended government business and stump campaigning on his tour. In Murmansk, Petrozavodsk and Sverdlovsk, Yeltsin signed agreements between the Russian government and the local authorities that allowed the regions much greater control over their economies and foreign trade. In his standard stump speech, he has promised that local factories and other enterprises will be able to trade freely with foreign companies and will have to hand over to the Russian government only 25% of their profits. Mikhail Gorbachev's power-sharing program, which is still in the planning stage, will call for factories to give 40%.

Yeltsin's approach has drawn mixed reactions from the officials whose regions would most benefit from the new policies but whose privileges are sewn into the Communist Party patronage quilt. "The party should work outside the workplace, that's plain," Yeltsin told 4,000 workers at a jet-engine factory in Perm as local big shots listened glumly. "I am for the depatriation of the army, the KGB and the factory." In Tula this message was so badly received that officials cut off power to Yeltsin's microphones for an outdoor speech,



Yeltsin resorts to a bullhorn after local officials pull the plug on his mike

then smirked as the candidate struggled with a bullhorn. In Chelyabinsk last week, security agents were so irritated by the ecstatic welcome offered by a crowd gathered outside the opera theater where he appeared that they tried to stop Yeltsin's press corps from entering the building.

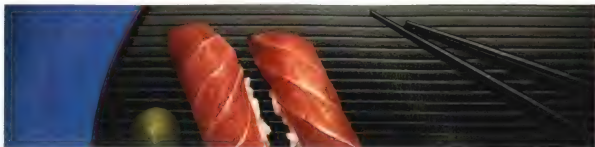
Such heavy-handed tactics serve only to strengthen Yeltsin's grass-roots support. In Perm and Chelyabinsk well-dressed local officials listened skeptically as Yeltsin addressed them. Outside the halls, however, large crowds carrying pro-Yeltsin banners and waving the white, blue and red Russian national flag cheered and applauded as Yeltsin's voice boomed from the loudspeakers. "I believe in the rebirth of Russia," Yeltsin said again and again. "How is it possible that in a country of 150 million people with such talent, such a huge territory, such rich resources, people should live so poorly?" Shouted a burly woman pressing against police lines in Chelyabinsk: "We should be in there listening to Boris Nikolaevich, not those paratroops!" Commented Valentina Lantseva, Yeltsin's main press aide: "It's like this in every city we've been in. People come out to support him. If they had a chance, they'd be demonstrating."

The "paratroops," local apparatchiks with considerable administrative authority, squirmed in embarrassment as Yeltsin forced them to listen to the grievances of local folk. "Why is your vice-presidential candidate [Alexander Rutskoi] a Communist?" asked a gruff peasant. "Communists can work well," Yeltsin responded. "They can in essence be honest people." In the village of Mulyumovo, north of Chelyabinsk, where the fallout from nuclear waste and a 1957

nuclear disaster still pollutes the environment, Yeltsin was clearly moved by anguished demands for greater government response to the village's medical needs. Then, like a benevolent Czar in a Russian folktale, he promised he would sign a parliamentary decree declaring the area an ecological disaster zone.

Life aboard Yeltsin's campaign plane has its perks. The Tupolev jet is several cuts above most Aeroflot planes, with a clean interior and flight attendants who actually attend. Dinner on the flight to Perm included caviar on eggs, fresh salads, half a chicken and unlimited Pepsi, tea and coffee. Yeltsin's bodyguards, Makarov pistols dangling in shoulder holsters, bantered with officials and reporters in the aisles. The Soviet reporters passed around the vodka and caught up on sleep. The phone system is so bad that Russian reporters working domestically don't bother to write on laptop computers; they can't transmit stories back to their editors anyway. One writer in Yeltsin's press corps was reduced to dictating his story over the radiophone of a motorcade police car. Since most of the accompanying Soviet journalists were sympathetic to Yeltsin, coverage of his trip was highly favorable.

Yeltsin needs more than just positive reporting to win the presidency. Early last week, pro-Communist Party newspapers claimed that Yeltsin's support had slid to 44% and chief rival Nikolai Ryzhkov's had risen to a surprisingly respectable 27%. The candidate seemed unfazed by the news. "These figures go up and down," he said in a nationally televised interview. Then, in characteristic fashion, he took off his suit jacket and conducted the rest of the session in his shirt sleeves. ■



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SAUDI ARABIA

Skirmishes Under the Veil

Though life has returned to normal in the kingdom, the religious conservatives and the moderates are stepping up their battle over the country's direction

By DEAN FISCHER RIYADH

The camouflage-clad American troops with automatic rifles slung over their shoulders have all but disappeared from the streets of Riyadh. In the cool evening hours, Saudi families once again browse in the stores, examining electronic gadgets and comparing the latest imported luxury cars. In Jidda, gateway to the Muslim shrines of Mecca and Medina, preparations are well under way to accommodate the 2 million pilgrims expected during this month's hajj. Says an adviser to a senior Saudi minister: "We feel a cloud has been lifted from over our land."

Three months after the gulf war ended, Saudi Arabia seems to have returned to its placid ways. But the calm atmosphere is a mirage. Operation Desert Storm may be over, but it has unleashed powerful political and social crosswinds in the kingdom. Buffeted by the currents, King Fahd is struggling to preserve a precarious balance between secular moderates and religious conservatives while opening up the family-run government to his subjects. At stake is not only the direction of Saudi society, but also the survival of a royal dynasty that has ruled the country since its founding 60 years ago.

Saudi officials even claim that the country is slightly strapped for cash. The government has been forced to borrow

\$7 billion to fulfill commitments to the U.S.-led alliance. Despite a wartime surge in oil production from 5.5 million to 8 million bbl. a day, Western economists estimate a budget deficit of \$25 billion this year. Skittish about both the expense and foreign entanglements, Fahd has reneged on an agreement to base a Pan-Arab defense force composed primarily of Egyptian and Syrian troops on Saudi soil. The plan envisaged an exchange of Egyptian and Syrian military manpower for economic and financial aid.

The country's postwar foreign policy has been a mix of shortsightedness and self-interest. Like the Bush Administration, Fahd had hoped Saddam Hussein would be a casualty of the gulf war; the King now fears that a Shi'ite-dominated Iraq possibly aligned with Iran is worse than coexisting with a weakened Saddam. Washington's hopes of Saudi leadership in the intensified search for Arab-Israeli peace were dashed when Riyadh refused direct participation in negotiations with Israel. Only under intense U.S. pressure did the Saudis consent to discuss such peripheral issues with Israel as arms control and water rights if a peace conference is convened. Fahd has not forgiven Jordan's King Hussein and Palestine Liberation Organization chairman Yasser Arafat for their support of Saddam, further compli-

cating U.S. efforts to forge a united position among Arab moderates.

Eager to show Washington that he is willing to embrace at least some democratic principles, Fahd announced plans in April to appoint a Consultative Council to advise the policymaking Council of Ministers. By Western democratic standards, the proposal is modest. But in the autocratic gulf region, any step to broaden participation in government is radical. Fahd first proposed a Consultative Council more than a decade ago, but shelved the initiative when the Iranian revolution aroused fears of regional instability.

In characteristically subdued Saudi style, the debate prompted by Fahd's proposed reforms is neither conducted in public meetings nor reported in the country's media. The government bans public gatherings of three or more people, and press censorship precludes coverage of internal disputes. Instead, petitions and pamphlets, widely disseminated by photocopyers and fax machines, inform the public of conservative and liberal views. Both minorities seek to influence Saudi Arabia's silent majority, but the literature of the well-organized ultraconservatives is more plentiful and vituperative. Religious extremists have even advocated the execution of so-called secularists—men without beards. So vicious are the accusations that the country's



King Fahd: preserving a precarious balance



Prince Salman, the governor of Riyadh, reads papers presented to him at his daily majlis

World

most influential Islamic scholars last week condemned the ultraconservative campaign as "counter to the interests of the Muslim society." Like the moderates, the conservatives have endorsed the concept of a Consultative Council and called for an end to corruption. But they also want Shari'a (Islamic law) applied to banks, courts and the media. The government, for example, would be barred from borrowing money from banks, and noncriminal offenses would be tried in religious courts. So far, King Fahd has rejected the demand.

During Ramadan, the month-long Islamic fasting period that followed the war, vigilante members of the religious police, the *mutawain*, stepped up their harassment of Saudi and foreign women who displayed too much skin in violation of dress codes. Women

King appointed a religious moderate, Abdul Rahman al-Said, to head the *mutawain*, officially known as the Committee for the Promotion of Virtue and the Prevention of Vice. Al-Said, a former dean of Islamic studies at Imam Mohammed Ibn Saud Islamic University, received an \$18 million budget increase and instructions to rid the *mutawain* of zealous volunteers. But harassment of Saudis and foreigners by the *mutawain* continues, underscoring how difficult it will be for al-Said to gain control of the organization and its durable network of faculty and student supporters.

Alarmed by the aggressiveness of the religious extremists, 43 moderate businessmen and intellectuals petitioned Fahd to fulfill his pledge to make the government more democratic. "A Consultative Council

promised by King Fahd, threatened with beheading by rabid Muslim preachers and denied permission to leave the country. Like a stern but forgiving father, Fahd told the women he had to discipline them as he would his own daughters, but hinted that their punishment would soon end. Nonetheless, the issue of women's rights is likely to be deferred until the Consultative Council issue is settled.

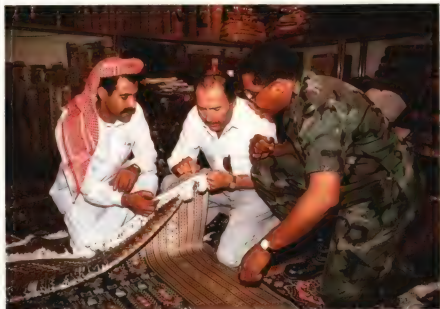
To educated middle-class Saudis, who chafe at religious persecution and political disenfranchisement, Fahd's promises have raised hopes of progressive if gradual change. "By next fall," predicts an aide to a senior prince, "there will be a Consultative Council and a major Cabinet reshuffle." The council, consisting of 80 to 100 appointive members, will have limited powers

that will not impinge on the absolute authority of the monarch. According to the Saudi adviser, the Cabinet changes will not involve defense and internal security. Fahd's half brother, Crown Prince Abdullah, commands the National Guard, and his full brothers, Prince Sultan and Prince Naif, direct the Defense and Interior ministries.

Authority would remain firmly in the hands of the King and his brothers. But in the Saudi tradition, the slightest movement toward liberalization is noteworthy. It was not until the 1960s that slavery was abolished and women were allowed to attend schools. A Consultative Council is a concession to the concept of political dialogue, if not to the principle of power sharing. Fahd, who governs by family consensus, should not shy away from a modest extension of the political franchise, particularly if it represents no dilution of his own power. He might even find it easier to control the religious extremists who pose such a threat, in the moderates' view, to the stability of the kingdom.

Despite their endorsement of a Consultative Council, says a Western diplomat, "the religious conservatives correctly perceive that one of its aims is to provide a forum for people to speak out against their excesses."

Moderates fret that Fahd will once again back down rather than confront the conservatives. "He will never fight them," says a Saudi intellectual. But failure to institute reforms now will only serve to encourage the extremists. Fahd's father, King Abdul Aziz, founder of the kingdom, did not hesitate to sever his alliance with the puritanical Wahhabi warriors when they defied his rule. As the struggle over Saudi Arabia's future intensifies, Fahd could do worse than recall his father's choice when challenged by his kingdom's zealots. ■



In a Riyadh market, one of the American soldiers who are still in the country inspects a rug

en appearing in public without veils, or without wearing head-to-toe *abayas*, have been abused and occasionally assaulted by the cane-wielding morals squads.

The vigilantes, mostly semi-educated young men bitterly opposed to Western values, have broken into compounds in Riyadh and Jidda to threaten and arrest Westerners drinking home-brewed liquor in defiance of the ban on alcohol. A women's tennis tournament in Riyadh was halted when the *mutawain* learned of it. The government advised an oil-company executive to cancel a party because members of both sexes were invited. Wives of Western businessmen and diplomats are fearful of leaving their villas in the evening unless accompanied by their husbands. To do otherwise in the atmosphere of intimidation created by the *mutawain* is to risk imprisonment.

To curb the excesses of the fanatics, the

is a symbol of participation that will help educate the public," says Abdul Muhsin al-Akkas, an executive of the Riyadh Chamber of Commerce and Industry. "We are not yet ready for free elections, but it is a step forward." In response, the religious conservatives marshaled support in the mosques for the implementation of Shari'a. Last month religious leaders in the conservative stronghold of Buraida spread rumors that a popular sheik, Salman al-Oda, had been arrested. Five thousand followers marched on the governor's palace in protest.

The moderates were encouraged when Fahd met in April with four of the 47 women who drove their automobiles last November in defiance of tradition. The women, many of them teachers (one of the few professions open to females), were suspended from their jobs, plagued by anonymous

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An arms plant in transition: the ZTS tank factory is now manufacturing bulldozers for the German company Hanomag. In addition to T-72s

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Confronting a Tankless Task

The good intentions of political leaders to get out of the arms business run into economic reality

By JAMES L. GRAFF MARTIN

Trick question: What country is the world's leading arms manufacturer—in per capita terms? Hint: It's not any of the big five in the arms business (the U.S., the Soviet Union, France, Britain and China). The answer: Czechoslovakia.

With 111 factories churning out weaponry ranging from AK-47s to L-39 Albatros jet trainers, Czechoslovakia has been producing more than \$800 annually per citizen, vs. \$700 for the U.S. But with a dissident playwright as President and a mandate to undo the past, Czechoslovakia's postcommunist government is determined to dismantle the country's arms industry. President Vaclav Havel has ruefully noted that Czechoslovakia sent Libya enough Semtex plastic explosives in the '70s and early '80s to keep the world's terrorists supplied for the next 150 years. Just two months after the November 1989 revolution, Foreign Minister Jiri Dienstbier announced that Prague would "simply end its trade in arms," without regard to economic consequences.

But now that the economy is going through the painful transition from communism to capitalism, Czechoslovakia is learning how hard it is to shut down such an important industry. As many as 80,000 jobs, the bulk of them in the restive and depressed region of Slovakia, depend on it. The federal government has pledged to cut output to 25% of 1988 levels by 1993, but already Slovak politicians have slowed down that timetable to stave off mass unemployment. Last month federal Prime Minister Marian Calfa took a scolding from his Israeli counterpart, Yitzhak Shamir, over a still pending agree-

ment to sell 100 T-72 tanks to Syria in a deal worth \$200 million. "Czechoslovakia is not interested in producing tanks," countered Calfa. "But we don't want to break the economy of a region."

In the early days of the cold war, central Slovakia became the heartland of the heavy-arms industry. The sleepy little town of Martin, 145 miles north of Bratislava, was the site of a tank factory that employed 11,000; nearby Dubnica churned out armored personnel carriers; down the road, Povazska Bystrica produced jet engines.

The biggest loss for Slovakia's arms plants has been in exports to Warsaw Pact countries. Sales to the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia's biggest customer, plummeted by 40% last year, and are falling off even more steeply this year.

The drop in East bloc sales makes the industry more dependent on exports to the Third World, but political and economic developments are cutting off those markets as well. U.S. officials have joined Israel in condemning the sale to Syria. The deal also set off a fierce struggle within Czechoslovakia between government officials who want to bolster the nation's international reputation and others who think the agreement could help bridge the gap until the industry retools for nonmilitary production. Says Slovak Prime Minister Jan Carnogursky: "We've asked the federal government to clear the matter up and persuade complaining governments that the deal is harmless."

The arms merchants are looking for government help in getting out of the business, but in view of all the country's economic troubles, they are not hopeful. The ZTS Martin tank factory had to borrow

\$86 million to pay for tank production equipment that the communist government foisted on it, and director Jan Segla now wants Prague to forgive the debt. He also wants more financial assistance to liquidate production lines designed to manufacture tanks. "The heritage of special production is why our factory is in such bad economic shape today," he says. "It's the labor of Sisyphus to keep this plant working, and we need the government's help."

The company's harried managers hope to expand nonmilitary production under a three-year-old agreement with the German firm Hanomag to manufacture earth-moving equipment. ZTS Martin has also begun working under license from the Italian manufacturer Lombardini to produce tractor engines and other machinery. The company eventually plans to make 40,000 engines annually, but this year it will turn out fewer than 900. "In the first phase, new products don't bring profits," says Segla. "What we need are partners who have money and are willing to invest."

Western investors, though, have been slow to come forward. "We're sick of people coming here to organize colloquiums on plant conversion as a social phenomenon," says Josef Fucik, a department head in the federal Ministry of Economics in Prague. "We're in severe need of help, not meditations on philosophical problems."

Slovak leaders universally acknowledge the need to decrease their economy's dependence on military production. But many think the federal government is moving too fast and is sacrificing Slovak jobs without providing credible alternatives. "The federal government understood conversion as a gesture of cooperation toward the West," says Vladimir Meciar, the combative former Slovak Prime Minister who rallied against federal policy and flirted with separatism until his ouster in late April. "They hoped there'd be a payoff, but they're still waiting." Unemployed factory workers, though, may become restless waiting for new jobs. ■

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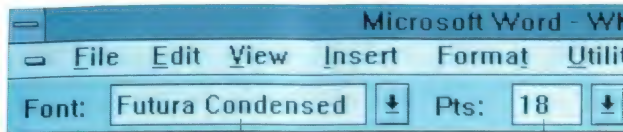
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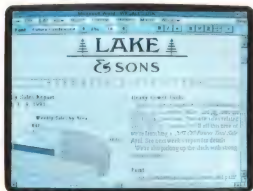


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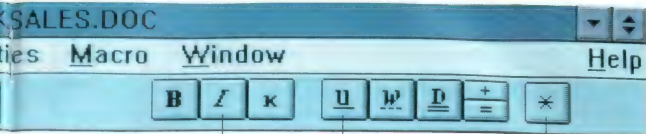


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WORLD NOTES



Mitterrand pursues global peace

FRANCE

Now, the Disarms Race

The major Western powers, which have long hustled to sell their arms to the world, are now competing to peddle their visions for weapons control. French President François Mitterrand last week moved to upstage President Bush's recent proposal for containing the Middle East arms race with a plan covering the whole globe.

The French initiative calls

for the elimination of chemical weapons, a ban on production of biological arms and the reduction of nuclear arsenals. As for conventional weaponry, the plan aims to establish "a balance of forces" in each region of the world, and endorses a British proposal that arms exporters register their sales with the U.N. So as not to appear hypocritical, the French announced that they would finally sign the 1968 nuclear nonproliferation treaty. The pact prohibits nuclear powers from exporting the weapons or the technology for building them and restricts nonnuclear powers from acquiring either.

Officially, the Bush Administration welcomed the French action, though a Pentagon official said, "This is about what you'd expect from the French: too little, too late." Representatives of the top arms-exporting nations are scheduled to meet in Paris next month to discuss the U.S., British and French proposals.

ALGERIA

Another State Of Siege

Algeria's President Chadli Bendjedid last week took a daring gamble that given the choice, Algerians will decline to replace him with an Islamic fundamentalist. After two weeks of angry antigovernment demonstrations by Islamic fundamentalists and their supporters, Bendjedid agreed to hold both presidential and parliamentary elections within the next six months in exchange for a cessation of hostilities by the protesters.

Thousands of fundamentalists had battled against police, demanding that elections scheduled for June 27 include the presidency as well as the legislature. By the beginning of last week, clouds of tear gas hung over the capital and about a dozen people had been killed in what looked like a second

Battle of Algiers—this time between the fundamentalist Islamic Salvation Front, led by Abassi Madani, and the National Liberation Front government, which has ruled Algeria since the country's independence from France in 1962. In retaliation, Bendjedid declared a state of siege, the postponement of national elections and the dismissal of Prime Minister Mouloud Hamrouche and his government. Two days later, he made his concession to fundamentalist demands.



Fundamentalists demonstrate in Algiers

SOUTH AFRICA

For Sale Or Rent

The banner headline in the Johannesburg *Star* summed up the historic day: APARTHEID'S PILLARS COME CRASHING DOWN. South Africa's white-dominated Parliament last week repealed the notorious Land Acts and the Group Areas Act, which divided residential areas along racial lines and restricted land ownership by blacks, reserving 87% of the country's land for whites. Now blacks will be free to buy, use or rent land and property anywhere in South Africa. The scrapping of the legislation was

a victory for President F.W. de Klerk, who pledged last February to get rid of all remaining discriminatory laws by the close of the parliamentary session on June 30.

While the action was symbolically important, in practice there will be little visible change. Only a small number of middle-class blacks are yet able to afford houses in the plush white suburbs, and many of the cheaper inner-city apartment blocks have been unofficially multiracial for years. At the same time, the government has so far opposed any moves to restore land confiscated during the apartheid era to the original black owners.



Pope John Paul II: lecturing on the dangers of unchecked freedom

POLAND

Sermons from A Native Son

When Pope John Paul II last toured Poland in 1987, he was greeted by cheering throngs eager to demonstrate both the depth of their Roman Catholic faith and their contempt for the communist regime in Warsaw. Last week John Paul paid his first visit to his homeland since the collapse of communist rule. This time the crowds were smaller and more muted, while the Pope's message was aimed not at repression but at the danger of unchecked freedom.

In sermons based on the Ten Commandments, John Paul denounced excessive materialism, divorce, contraception and the separation of

church and state, imploring Poles not to stray from the Catholic values that had helped deliver them from communism. He saved his most stinging comments for abortion, which has been legal since 1956 but is now in danger of being outlawed by a church-backed bill under consideration in Poland's parliament. At an outdoor Mass in Radom, the Pontiff compared abortion to the Holocaust and sternly asked, "What parliament has the right to say, 'You are free to kill?'" The polite applause bore witness to Poles' growing ambivalence toward church interference in government policy. According to recent surveys, almost 60% of Poles oppose the antiabortion bill and consider the church's influence in public life "excessive."

Business

THE ECONOMY

Crawling Out Of the Slump

The recession may be ending, but some sectors are still hurting, and the recovery may be nothing to cheer about

By JOHN GREENWALD

Not for months has Alan Greenspan been so downright bullish about the U.S. economy. Speaking last week in Osaka, Japan, the normally dour Federal Reserve chairman said he saw "clearly encouraging" signs that the recession is ending and mounting evidence of a "stronger-than-expected recovery." But back at home, hardly anyone else felt it. Wary Americans seemed a long way from embarking on a spending spree. "I used to go into a store and say, 'I want that,' and not even ask how much it cost," says Liane Adduci, an ad-agency executive in Chicago. "Now I'm much more conservative." The unlikely but nagging chance of a layoff has kept her cautious, Adduci says. "I couldn't find a new job for eight months to a year," she explains. "I don't know anyone who doesn't live from paycheck to paycheck."

Such misgivings threaten to turn the recovery, when it arrives, into a painfully weak one. Despite upticks in home sales and factory orders that indicate the 11-month-old slump could end this summer, economists say the rebound will be far less robust than any of the eight other U.S. recoveries since World War II. The outlook is bleak largely because the 1980s debt binge still hobbles companies and consumer spending and makes banks unwilling to lend. At the same time, the \$318 billion federal deficit handcuffs Washington's ability to stimulate business by cutting taxes and boosting spending—tactics that helped the U.S. come roaring out of previous slumps.

A healthy sign of a rebound came last week when the government delivered its latest unemployment report. The figures showed that joblessness rose to 6.9% in May, up sharply from 6.6% in April, but hopeful economists turned their attention to a companion statistic indicating that U.S. companies created 59,000 new jobs last month. That broke an 11-month string

of job losses that began last July. (The number of jobs can increase even as unemployment is rising because the two figures come from different Labor Department surveys that are often at odds.) Says Allen Sinai, chief economist for the Boston Co. Economic Advisers: "A strong hint that the recession has just about ended or may have already ended showed up in the May jobs report." But he adds, the economy "is crawling out of the recession, not bursting out of the gate."

Many forecasters predict the economy will grow less than 3% in the 12 months that follow the recession, compared with a vigorous 6% average for previous postwar turnarounds. "The consumer won't feel any sense of recovery until December or early next year," says Susan Sterne, president of Economic Analysis Associates in Stowe, Vt. Concur Wall Street economist Lawrence Kudlow: "This recovery just isn't going to have much torque."

In fact, the economy seems to be headed for a return to the same type of feeble expansion that saw the GNP rise just 2.5% in 1989 and about 1% in the first half of 1990, before the downturn took hold. "The recession is just one part of the big picture of sluggish growth since 1989," says Sinai. "It should be seen in that light."

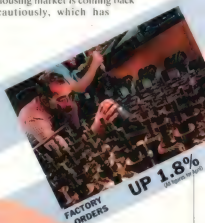
Weak growth would bring an anti-climactic end to a recession that began last July and worsened sharply after Saddam Hussein's forces invaded Kuwait in August. In the anxious weeks that followed, U.S. consumer confidence plunged to levels not seen since the 1981-82 slump before rebounding on the strength of the swift American-led victory in the gulf war. But gauges of consumer confidence began falling as soon as the euphoria wore off and have tumbled in each of the past two months.

If the recession does end this summer, it would be similar in length to other post-war downturns, which lasted an average of 11 months. Despite the roller coaster of consumer emotion, however, strong U.S.

exports have helped make the latest business contraction relatively mild. As measured from the third quarter last year, total U.S. GNP has so far dropped about 1.1% after adjusting for inflation, compared with an average decline of 2.7% for other slumps since World War II.

Some consumers are starting to emerge from their bunkers. In a TIME/CNN poll in April, 30% of adults surveyed said they viewed the economic slump as the No. 1 problem facing the U.S. But in a TIME/CNN survey taken last week, the figure had slipped to 17%.

After months of decline, the housing market is coming back cautiously, which has



positive effects on other parts of the economy. Spurred by a drop in interest rates that trimmed the average cost of conventional home mortgages from 10.1% a year ago to as low as 9.25% last February, sales of new and existing homes have climbed for three straight months. That has brought a measure of financial relief to developers and homeowners whose properties were glutting the market. The rising demand helped reverse a falling trend for U.S. home prices, pushing the median price of existing homes to \$100,200 in April, up 4.7% from the same month a year ago.

Yet commercial real estate remains a disaster area, with largely vacant office



EXPORTS

UP 1.2%



HOUSING STARTS

UP 6.2%

towers bristling from urban landscapes across the U.S. "The real estate industry is stuck in the worst recession we've ever seen," says Neil Bluhm, co-founder of Chicago's JMB Realty Corp., which manages more than \$20 billion worth of property. "There simply isn't any capital coming into the industry today. There will be absolutely no new construction commitments until, maybe, 1995."

Unlike commercial developers, U.S. manufacturers have been shaking off their torpor as purchases of everything from steel to refrigerators have begun to pick up. Orders for U.S. factory goods climbed a healthy 1.8% in April, their first gain since last October.

After months of steep payroll cuts, some companies may be

ready to hire workers again. Milwaukee-based Manpower Inc., the largest U.S. temporary-employment agency, said 22% of 15,000 corporate executives surveyed intend to expand their work forces this summer, while 10% plan new layoffs.

Despite the stubborn overhang of con-

sumer caution, cash registers have begun to ring more briskly at department stores and other big retail outlets, which were hard hit by the slump. In the first major sign that shoppers are returning, 13 of the top 20 U.S. retailers reported that sales last month increased over May 1990 levels.

Some parts of the U.S. remain deeply mired. New England, where the slump arrived more than a year ago, has lost 200,000 jobs since last July, a 3.2% decline. Because the scars run so deep, economists predict that any rebound in New England will trail a recovery in the rest of the country by at least six months.

Even California could have a tough time shrugging off the slump. Cuts in defense spending have hurt the crucial aerospace industry, prompting state economists to predict that unemployment in the Golden State may average 7.6% this year. For Californians like Peter Perkins, a Los Angeles recording engineer, the evidence of an upturn has been bittersweet. After a radio production company laid him off in January, Perkins took two part-time jobs to meet the payments on his boat and a condominium investment. Last week he landed a new full-time position, but at a salary 25% below his old one. "I feel optimistic now about an upswing," says Perkins, "but there's been a shake-out in salaries. It's put the ball in the employer's court."

Many industries that are particularly sensitive to cyclical swings in business activity are hard pressed to notice any improvements yet. The hotel business has suffered deeply as such corporate giants as IBM and AT&T have slashed their travel budgets to hold down costs. "Our company logo ought to be SURVIVE TILL '95," says Darryl Hartley-Leonard, president of the Hyatt chain. "We cannot assume that this is just the typical business cycle of an American recession. In my 27 years in the business, I've never seen anything like this."

Many executives are adopting a show-me attitude. Says William Weiss, chairman of Ameritech, a Baby Bell phone company that serves five Midwestern states: "Despite what the Fed chairman says, I don't sense that business feels any strong sense of recovery. The government may have to play the role of cheerleader, but I wouldn't be as optimistic. We still have deep liquidity and credit problems that make it increasingly difficult for businesses to finance their way back."

The heavy debt load weighs on every sector



CONSUMER CAUTION: Most shoppers are buying only at hefty markdowns



BOOMING BANKRUPTCIES: The rise in failures has hurt both employees and creditors

of the economy from consumers to the Federal Government. Burdened by overzealous borrowing, more than 60,000 companies with liabilities totaling a record \$64 billion declared bankruptcy last year. The pace has quickened in 1991 as firms with liabilities of \$34.6 billion failed in the first four months alone. Last week the city of Bridgeport, Conn. (pop. 142,000), became the largest U.S. municipality ever to declare bankruptcy when it filed for protection from creditors after failing to find a politically acceptable way to close a \$12 million budget gap.

Meanwhile, bankers laden with bad credit have remained reluctant to make new loans. That has helped perpetuate a credit crunch that began last year when bank regulators tightened loan standards to avoid a repeat of the savings and loan fiasco. Even the Fed's lowering of interest rates in recent months has scarcely encouraged bank lending to pick up. Asserts Hugh Johnson, chief economist for First Albany, a securities firm: "More than at any time in the past, banks are dragging their feet."

Another threat to the recovery is a slowdown in the world economy, which could take the steam out of U.S. exports. Policymakers in Germany and Japan have been deliberately restraining their economies by raising interest rates to keep inflation in check. Analysts on the staff of the European Community recently estimated that the economies of the group's 12 member nations would grow just 1.25% this year, down from 2.7% in 1990. Says Paul Horne, chief international economist for Smith Barney: "Near recession is how we describe the global economy today."

One world leader who appears to take a hands-off attitude toward the U.S. recession has been George Bush. "The Administration is irrelevant to economic policy," charges Barry Bosworth, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution. "There's nothing they can do, and they don't matter. There is no such thing as fiscal policy in the U.S."

Yet Bush is cheerleading, if not tinkering. He quietly summoned 10 executives from companies as varied as General Mills and Apple Computer to the White House last month for a private chat about the recession. Said a CEO who took part: "There was a sense that the precipitous free fall in the economy was coming to an end, or may already be over. People are anticipating that there will be a rise off the bottom. But that is a hell of a long way from getting back to robust growth levels." From all indications, the rebound will be perfectly characteristic of everything else about the '90s: no instant gratification, just a long steady slog. —*Reported by Bernard Baumohl/*

New York, S.C. Gwynne/Washington and William McWhirter/Chicago

Money Angles

Andrew Tobias

Amount Due? Zero, Thanks!

PAT KINGS/REYNOLDS & CO. INC.



Here's a way to earn 10% or 20% on tiny sums: pay small monthly bills two or three at a time. This wouldn't be worth discussing—I can tell by the dignified way you carry yourself that tiny sums mean nothing to you—except that it will save you time as well. That's the real point here. Still, it's nice to know the numbers work too.

Take your \$20 gas bill. Paying two months at once, \$40 instead of \$20, ties up an extra \$20 but saves a stamp—29¢—and the trouble of having to pay the bill next month. Twenty-nine cents is a "return" of 1.45% on a one-month "investment" of \$20, or nearly 19% a year compounded.

Of course, not all your bills are the same each month. But even if the amount varies, all but the most amateur of creditors will have no trouble applying your overpayment to future balances. Just note in the memo: "\$23.15 for April, plus \$50 on account." Your next bill will reflect a "credit—do not pay."

Not only that, you'll have the cleanest credit record in town. "How's his payment history?" one computer may ask another. "He pays early!" the other may flash back. "Aw, c'mon," the first computer will say. "No, really! Here—look!" Whereupon the first computer will look over the second computer's shoulder and sniff its perfume, and airline reservations clerks around the country will frown and say, "Sorry, my system just went down." All because of you.

The table that follows shows the "returns" you earn on each early payment, taking into account only the postal savings. If you'd also save on the cost of checks or envelopes—let alone the hefty per-check fee some banks charge if you fall below their minimum balance—so much the better.

But even just saving the 29¢, look what happens if, say, you pay four \$10 monthly bills in a lump—the \$10 you owe now, plus three additional early payments. As the table shows, on that first early payment, the \$10 you tie up is "earning" about a 36% annualized rate of return. The second is earning about 18%, and the third—\$10 tied up for three months to save 29¢ in postage—is earning an annualized 12%.

Obviously, the smaller the bill, the more sense it makes to pay early. Lumping four \$10 monthly bills makes a lot more sense than lumping four mortgage payments. But as the table shows, even on a \$60 monthly bill, doubling up cuts the chore in half and "earns" you 6%.

Note that:

- ▶ These returns are actually understated. For simplicity, they don't take into effect compounding. (But no matter how high your rate of return in percentage terms, it's still only 29¢, so I guess there's no point getting carried away.)
- ▶ The returns are "tax free" (unless you're a profitable business, in which case the savings add to your profit, which is taxed).
- ▶ If you already pay 20% interest on everything—your life's a revolving charge card—then borrowing more to "earn" 18% in saved postage makes no sense.

Of course, you wouldn't want to pay in advance if you thought the gas company might go broke next month, or if it didn't have the capability to credit you for the overpayment—or if you simply hate the gas company. Otherwise it's a good deal for everybody: it saves you time. It's less work for your bank (fewer checks to process). It's thrilling to your creditors. And it's easy on the environment: half as many checks to manufacture, transport and dispose of.

In short: a postage stamp-size idea, but first class.

Early Payment	Size of Monthly Bill					
	\$10	\$20	\$30	\$40	\$50	\$60
1st	36%	18%	12%	9%	6%	
2nd	18%	9%	6%	4%	3%	
3rd	12%	6%	4%	3%	2%	



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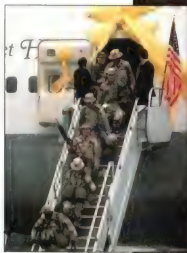
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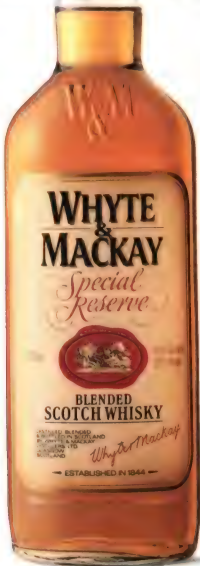
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A Novel—and Complex—Offer

Time Warner sparks a Wall Street furor with a debt-paring plan that asks stockholders to pitch in more cash

By RICHARD BEHAR

When Time Warner last week put forth a novel financing plan designed to reduce its debt load, Wall Street responded with boos. But an even more widespread reaction was a baffled "Huh?" In an arrangement called a rights offering, the entertainment and information firm, the parent company of TIME, said it hoped to raise as much as \$3.5 billion by selling current stockholders the rights to buy 34.5 million new shares. The price will depend on how many accept the offer.

Time Warner's objective is to pare away some of the \$11 billion in debt—\$3 billion of which must be paid off or refinanced in 1995—that was incurred in the merger 18 months ago of Time Inc. and Warner Communications. Since then the company's top executives have been trying to form alliances with other major companies, both for strategic reasons and to gain a cash infusion. But the highly visible debt has evidently created an appearance of vulnerability that has inspired potential partners to demand terms Time Warner officials consider unacceptable.

The market's initial response to the company's innovative attempt to shave its debt was to run for cover. In just a week, Time Warner shares dropped 25 points, to under \$95. "They're calling upon the shareholders to buck up and pay down the company's debt," griped Michael Kupinski, a communications-industry analyst. "Why take the risk? You're not going to know what you have to pay until afterward." Others appeared to disagree, including Gordon Crawford, a money manager at the Los Angeles-based institutional holder Capital Group, which owns 12% of Time Warner's stock. "It makes long-term sense for the company, and we will likely subscribe," Crawford told the *Wall Street Journal*.

Rights offerings, while commonplace in Europe, are virtually nonexistent in the U.S. The last notable offering took place in 1971, when AT&T raised \$1.4 billion by successfully issuing a new class of preferred stock to its shareholders.

Time Warner's plan is more complex. Each participating shareholder would receive 0.6 of a right for every current common share. For each full right, the stockholder will have the opportunity to pay \$105 to enter the so-called "rights pool"

that contains the new stock. How many shares the stockholder is given for that money depends on how many investors participate. (At least 60% must take part for the deal to go forward.) If only the minimum number participate, each \$105 would buy the stockholder 1½ shares at a bargain price of \$63 a share. At the other extreme, if 100% take part, as happened in the AT&T offering of 1971, the \$105 investment would buy exactly one share.

Time Warner officials described the plan to 200 securities analysts in a two-hour meeting that one Wall Streeter described as "acrimonious." Explains Morris Mark, whose asset-management company

holds more than 200,000 shares of the company's stock: "While I'm sure there's a lot of good intent and bright imagination behind this plan, they've made an error. It is not the right way to raise capital. It will create a conflict between those with deep pockets and those without."

The plan calls on stockholders to invest fresh cash to prevent their current shares from being diluted by the issue of the new ones, which will represent a 60% increase in the current 57.8 million outstanding shares. If the shareholder is unwilling or unable to put in the additional money, he can sell the rights on the open market.

The deal irked some shareholders who held stock in Time Inc. when Paramount Communications made a failed bid for it in 1989. Time shares topped \$182 then, but a year later fell as low as \$66; before the rights plan was unveiled, they had climbed back to \$120. "If you're a longtime Time Inc. shareholder, with this plan you've once again been moved to the back of the bus,"

complains Richard Reiss, managing partner of Cumberland Associates, an investment firm that holds Time Warner shares.

Analyst Jeffrey Logsdon, of Seidler Amden Securities in Los Angeles, prefers to look at the bigger picture. "It will be beneficial to Time Warner to have less debt," he says. "It will reduce their interest costs and the perceptions about leverage. The long-term investor will have to be patient. The stock drop is a knee-jerk reaction to an unexpected event."

Time Warner executives are restricted from publicly discussing details of the deal until it is approved by the Securities and Exchange Commission. But Wall Streeters who heard the sales pitch said company officials contended that investors would get a good deal. In return for putting up cash, maintains Time Warner, stockholders would gain greater value for their stake in the company because its debt would be slashed by up to \$3.5 billion. Even some analysts skeptical of the short-term payoff for investors acknowledged that the plan, if it goes ahead, would strengthen the company. "Overall, in the long term, this is positive," said Christopher Dixon of Paine Webber. "Time Warner is taking an active role in reducing its debt. Once the dust settles and emotions fall by the wayside, longer-term rational investors will recognize that Time Warner is positioned to generate high returns."

Until then Time Warner will have to brace for swings in the company's stock price as investors debate the merits of the rights offering, which is scheduled to begin June 17 if the SEC approves. But nobody ever said high finance was for the faint of heart.



Surprise from headquarters: the Street's response was to run for cover

HOW IT WORKS



1. The company offers shareholders 0.6 "rights" for each share of common stock they already own

2. Among the options available to shareholders:
- Exercise each right by paying \$105
 - Sell the right to another investor on the open market
 - Do nothing

3. Distribution of 34,450,000 new shares is determined by how many shareholders exercise their rights

If this portion of stockholders participates	Then for each \$105 paid, a shareholder will get this many new shares	Thus paying an effective price per share of	And the company will raise this much (in billions)
60%	1½	\$63	\$2.1
80%	1¼	\$84	\$2.8
100%	1	\$105	\$3.5

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BUSINESS NOTES



Weld and the deficit buster

STATE GOVERNMENT

A Bureaucrat To the Rescue

Kathy Betts may not consider herself a Massachusetts miracle worker, but in discovering a way to balance the state's budget without raising taxes she solved a problem that has confounded the craftiest politicians. Betts, a part-time employee of the state's department of public welfare, spotted a new federal law that reimburses states providing hospital care for needy patients. The resulting Medicaid payments to Massachusetts will total \$489 million, enough to erase the state's entire budget deficit—with \$39 million to spare. Governor William Weld plans to award Betts \$10,000, which she will save for the education of her two children. "I'm still in a state of shock," said Betts, 38. Weld also proposed an incentive-award program for state workers. ■

WINDFALLS

Just Sneaking Ashore

A shoe washing up onshore is usually a bad omen, but beachcombers from Oregon to Canada haven't been seeing it that way. During the past several weeks, they have been reaping an unusual windfall: thousands of new Nike athletic shoes. The sea-soaked but still footworthy shoes had been missing for almost a year, ever since a ferocious storm washed an estimated 40,000 pairs off the deck of a containership bound from South Korea to Seattle. Nike, based in Beaverton, Ore., is bemusedly taking a position

CONSUMERISM

Fear of Being Home Alone

It's the first great catchphrase of the '90s: "I've fallen and I can't get up!" The poorly acted but plaintive cry can be heard in ads for Lifecall, one of many personal emergency-response systems that summon medical help at the press of a button. Now that as many as 350,000 of the systems have been sold, they are beginning to draw fire from consumer-advocacy groups that question the marketing of the high-tech hailers and sometimes even the need for them.

The State of Maryland sued a seller of medical-alert units (price: \$1,295 each) that became useless junk when the firm failed to pay the company monitoring the equipment. And the American Association of Retired Persons decries the industry's high-pressure sales ploys. According to Myra Herick, a retired Boston AARP representative, one elderly woman bought a Lifecall system after a four-hour sales pitch because she wanted the salesperson to leave. (Lifecall denies knowledge of the incident.) AARP contends that at \$1,000 or more plus monthly monitoring fees, the systems are usually costlier than emergency-response services provided by many local hospitals. ■

of finders keepers. Some sea-shore scavengers have collected dozens of shoes and are planning a swap meet later this month to assemble matched pairs. ■



Their beach bounty: 140 shoes



A huge guitar greets visitors craving R. and B. with their R. and R.

ENTERTAINMENT

Rockers Meet Rollers

The worlds of high risk and heavy metal are coming together. Peter Morton, trend-sensitive co-founder of the Hard Rock Cafe chain, plans to open a Hard Rock hotel-casino in Las Vegas by late 1992. The 326-room property would be the resort's first casino to target patrons more versed in Ben E.

King than Benny Goodman. Morton's chain of 11 Hard Rock restaurants, which serve down-home food and vintage rock, has grown to annual revenues of nearly \$100 million. Morton's latest smash hit: a Hard Rock restaurant in Las Vegas, an instant landmark thanks to the 82-ft. electric guitar on its roof. The proposed casino will feature a 130-ft. guitar, plus a 75-ft. piano that will play hits by Elvis, Jerry Lee and other kings of rock. ■

LAWSUITS

There Goes Another One!

Can a car manufacturer sell too many cars? Lisa Stewart thinks so. Her \$10 million lawsuit against BMW claims that the German automaker didn't keep its promise to limit the U.S. sales of its 1988 model M5 sedan to 500 cars. As a result, Stewart contends, the five-cylinder autos—first introduced at \$43,500 and later sold for \$47,500—have failed to appreciate in value. Stewart, of Glen Ellyn, Ill., could be joined by other disgruntled M5 owners in

the class-action suit, which alleges that BMW nearly tripled the number of cars in the edition. A BMW brochure stated that "only a fortunate few discriminating buyers will have the opportunity to own an M5. Production and distribution is limited to 500 editions." BMW denies misleading its customers. "We always represented the car as being available in limited quantities, and in fact it was," says spokesman Tom McGurn. "Somewhere in the neighborhood of 1,200 and 1,300 were imported over a several-year period. In a car market of 11 million or so, that is indeed a limited edition." ■

COVER STORIES

When One Body Can Save Another

A family's act of lifesaving conception was on the side of angels, but hovering in the wings is the devilish ghost of Dr. Mengele

By LANCE MORROW



Now the long quest was ending. The surgeons bent over the girl: a 14-month-old girl named Marissa Ayala.

She lay anesthetized upon an operating table in the City of Hope National Medical Center in Duarte, Calif. A surgeon inserted a 1-in.-long needle into the baby's hip and slowly began to withdraw bone marrow. In 20 minutes they removed about a cup of the viscous red liquid—the stuff of resurrection.

The medical team then rushed the marrow to a hospital room where Marissa's 19-year-old sister Anissa lay waiting. Through a Hickman catheter inserted in the chest, the doctor began feeding the baby's marrow into Anissa's veins. The marrow needed only to be dripped into the girl's bloodstream. There, like salmon heading home to spawn, the healthy marrow cells began to find their way to the bones.

Done. If all goes well, if rejection does not occur or a major infection set in, the marrow will do the grail's work. It will give life to the older sister, who otherwise would have died of chronic myelogenous leukemia. Doctors rate the chance of success at 70%.

The Ayala family had launched itself upon a sequence of nervy, life-or-death adventures to arrive at that denouement last week. Anissa's leukemia was diagnosed three years ago. In such cases, the patient usually dies within five years unless she receives a marrow transplant. Abe and Mary Ayala, who own a speedometer-repair business, began a nationwide search for a donor whose marrow would be a close match for Anissa's. The search, surrounded by much poignant publicity, failed.

The Ayalas did not passively accept their daughter's fate. They knew from their doctors that the best hope for Anissa lay in a marrow transplant from a sibling, but the marrow of her only brother, Airon, was incompatible. Her life, it seemed, could depend on a sibling who did not yet exist.

A brave, surreal gamble. First, Abe had to have his vasectomy surgically reversed, a procedure with a success rate of just 40%. That done, Mary Ayala ventured to become pregnant at the age of 43. The odds were 1 in 4 that the baby's bone marrow

would match her sister's. Her blood count is plummeting. Her immune system has gone out of business. But in two to four weeks, the new cells should take over and start their work of giving Anissa a new life.

The drama of the Ayalas—making the baby, against such long odds, to save the older daughter—seemed to many to be a miracle. To others it was profoundly, if sometimes obscurely, troubling. It called up brutal images—baby farming, cannibalizing for spare parts. Many saw in the story the near edge of a dangerous slippery slope at the bottom of which they glimpsed an abyss, and maybe the shadow of Dr. Mengele at work.

A marrow transplant represents little risk to the donor: Marissa's health was never in danger, and she came out of last week's procedure with only an ache in the hip. In the words of Dr. Mark Siegler, a medical ethicist at the University of Chicago, "The morbidity rate for this operation is much less than for roller-skating."

What disturbed was the spectacle of a baby being brought into the world not, it seemed, as an end in herself, attended by all the sentiment and sanctity that people supposedly accord a new life. Rather the baby was ordered up to serve as a means,

as a biological resupply vehicle.

The baby did not consent to be used. The parents created the new life, then used that life for their own purposes, however noble. Would the baby have agreed to the transplant if she had been able to make the choice? Metaphysics: Would the baby have endorsed her own conception for such a purpose?

People wanting a baby have many reasons—reasons frivolous, sentimental, practical, emotional, biological. Farm families need children to work the fields. In much of the world, children are social secu-

Is it morally acceptable for parents to conceive a child in order to obtain an organ or tissue to save the life of another one of their children?

YES 47%

NO 37%

would match her sister's. The Ayalas won that gamble too. In April 1990 Mary bore a daughter, Marissa. Fetal stem cells were extracted from the umbilical cord and frozen for use along with the marrow in last week's transplant. Then everyone waited for the optimum moment—the baby had to grow old enough and strong enough to donate safely even while her older sister's time was waning.

Twelve days before the operation, Anissa began receiving intensive doses of radiation and chemotherapy to kill her diseased bone marrow. As a result, she is los-



Pulling together to beat the odds: Mary, Abe, Marissa, Anissa and Alron Ayala at their California home one month before the surgery

city for old age. They are vanity items for many people, an extension of ego. Or a sometimes desperate measure to try to save a marriage that is failing. Says Dr. Rudolf Brutoco, Marissa Ayala's pediatrician: "Does it make sense to conceive a child so that little Johnny can have a sister, while it is not acceptable to conceive the same child so that Johnny can live?" In American society, procreation is a personal matter. Crack addicts or convicted child abusers are free to have children.

The Ayalas were surely procreating on

the side of the angels. Considered on the family's own terms, their behavior is hard to fault. They acted from desperate first principles. Life wants to live. The first duty of parents is to protect their children. The Ayalas say they never considered aborting the fetus if its marrow did not match Anissa's. They will cherish both daughters in the context of a miracle that allowed the older to live on and the younger to be born. It was possible to see the drama as a visitation of grace.

But their case resonated with meanings

and dilemmas larger than itself. The case opened out upon a prospect of medical-technological possibility and danger that was like a medieval navigator's map—inscribed in blank mid-ocean. "Here there be monsters."

The monster possibility is this: in the past, it was mostly cadavers from which transplant organs were "harvested." Today, as with the Ayalas, life is being tapped to save life. This suggests in some cases the sort of moral trade-offs that were worked out in the blizzards of the Donner Pass in

the winter of 1846-47. Is there a principle of cannibalism involved? Sometimes.

Beyond the Ayala case, the ethics can become trickier. What if a couple conceives a baby in order to obtain matching marrow for another child; and what if amniocentesis shows that the tissue of the fetus is not compatible for transplant? Does the couple abort the fetus and then try again? Says Dr. Norman Fost, a pediatrician and ethicist at the University of Wisconsin: "If you believe that a woman is entitled to terminate a pregnancy for any reason at all, then it doesn't seem to me to make it any worse to terminate a pregnancy for this reason." But abortions are normally performed to end accidental pregnancies. What is the morality of ending a pregnancy that was very deliberately undertaken in the first place? The slippery slope becomes abruptly steeper.

In the world of advanced medical technology, the uses of living tissue have become very suddenly more complex and problematic. A newly born infant suffering from the fatal congenital malformation known as anencephaly will surely die within a few days of birth. Anencephaly means a partial or complete absence of the cerebrum, cerebellum and flat bones of the skull. Such babies could be an invaluable source for organs and tissues for other needy infants. Is that sort of "harvesting" all right?

Aborted fetal tissue has shown promise

as a treatment for Parkinson's disease and Alzheimer's disease. But such experiments have mostly been blocked in the U.S. by a ban on federal funding for research using fetal tissue. Some antiabortion activists think that if the technique proves successful, it would encourage women to conceive just to provide material for relatives in need. A mother of a diabetic girl in Maryland gives credence to such fears: "If the technique were perfected today, I'd hop in bed right now. It's not an easy issue. But I'd kill an unborn sibling to improve my daughter's life."

Transplant technology is developing so rapidly that new practices are outpacing society's ability to explore their moral implications. The first kidney transplants were performed over 35 years ago and were greeted as the brave new world: an amazing novelty. Today the transplant is part of the culture—conceptually dazzling, familiar in a weird way, but morally unsimulated. The number of organ transplants exceeds 15,000 a year and is growing at an annual clip of 15%. The variety of procedures is also expanding as surgeons experiment with transplanting parts of the pancreas, the lung and other organs. As of last

Is it morally acceptable to remove a kidney or other nonessential organ from a living person for use in another person's body?

YES 83% NO 10%

Would you donate a kidney for transplant to a close relative who needed it?

YES 88% NO 5%

Is it morally acceptable to:

Use fetal tissue to treat diseases

YES 36% NO 47%

Conceive and intentionally abort a fetus so the tissue can be used to save another life

YES 18% NO 71%

Abort a fetus if the fetal tissue is not compatible for a transplant

YES 11% NO 78%

week, 23,276 people were on the waiting list of the United Network for Organ Sharing, a national registry and tracking service.

A dire shortage of organs for these patients helps make the world of transplants an inherently bizarre one. Seat-belt and motorcycle-helmet laws are bad news for those waiting for a donor. The laws reduce fatalities and therefore reduce available cadavers, thus inviting the morbid thought that the speed limit should be raised when the donor-organ supply is low.

A doctor's new dilemma: two weeks ago, Ronald Busutil, director of UCLA's

With a Piece of Her Liver, a Mother Saves Her Child from a Slow Death



CAROL STANTON/ABC (2)

Alyssa Smith of Schertz, Texas, is a radiant and mischievous three-year-old who smears her mommy's makeup and cheerfully taunts her older brother Ricky. Her parents, Teresa and John Smith, made medical history to give her the liveness she enjoys.

Alyssa was born with biliary atresia, a condition that leads to liver failure. When a national waiting list produced no suitable donors, doctors asked if one of her parents would become America's first living liver donor. A healthy person can lose up to 75% of a liver and survive: within weeks the organ will fully regenerate. Both were willing; Teresa's liver proved more compatible. In a 14-hour procedure in November 1989, surgeons at the University of Chicago Medical Center removed the left lobe of Teresa's liver, trimmed it down, then transplanted it into Alyssa. During the next two weeks, Alyssa required three more operations to stanch bleeding.

Today Teresa teaches fourth-graders and counsels prospective donors. She urges them to explore a host of considerations, from the health risks to the donor to the possible financial burden on the family. (The Smiths' bill, covered by health insurance, totaled about \$150,000.) "Some families may not be able to do it," Teresa warns.

Ethics

ca contest, who received a kidney from her brother 19 months before the payment. She would not speak to him afterward, although they later reconciled. "The sense of having part of her brother inside her created tremendous tensions," says Renee Fox, a medical-sociology professor at the University of Pennsylvania. The tyranny of the gift: "It was a feeling of overwhelming debt that she could not repay." Conversely, one kidney donor became so depressed after the recipient did not thrive that he killed himself in despair.

There will never be enough cadaver organs to fill the growing needs of people dying from organ or tissue failure. This places higher and higher importance, and risk, on living relatives who might serve as donors. Organs that are either redundant (one of a pair of kidneys) or regenerative (bone marrow) become more and more attractive. Transplants become a matter of high-stakes risk-calculation for the donor as well as the recipient, and the intense emotions involved sometimes have people playing long shots.

Family members become more and more pressed to provide organs to save relatives. It is a bizarre request, of course, difficult to refuse, and can lead to ugly family conflicts. As Alexander Capron, a bioethicist at the University of Southern California, says, "a good medical team knows how



Harvesting marrow from a donor's hips

to help a potential donor to say no." Often, doctors simply lie and say that the relative who does not want to do it is "not a match."

The most famous controversy over a spurred request led to the courtroom last year. Jamas Bosze, a Chicago bar owner, was told that only a marrow transplant could rescue his son Jean-Pierre, 12, from leukemia. The boy's only potential donors

were twin half-siblings born out of wedlock to the father's former girlfriend. Bosze sued the woman in an attempt to compel her to have the children tested for tissue compatibility. She refused, and a court upheld her decision. Last November, Jean-Pierre Bosze died.

Federal law now prohibits any compensation for organs in the U.S. In China and India, there is a brisk trade in such organs as kidneys. Will the day come when Americans have a similar marketplace for organs? Turning the body into a commodity might in fact make families less willing to donate organs, says Capron. "A family would be willing to say, 'We gave Joey's kidneys away.' But would they say, 'We sold Joey's kidneys?' I don't think so."

The new technology of transplants disturbs everyone's model of the natural order. The human being has not been in the habit of walking around with someone else's heart in his chest. Or of breaking into the temple of someone else's body and making off with its faucets and pipes. There is adventure in the possibilities, and hope for some who would otherwise be doomed. But the issues lead into strange, unprecedented territory. It will require time and experience to explore. —*Reported by Mary Cronin/ New York, Barbara Dolan/Chicago and Elaine Lafferty/Los Angeles*

For the Sake of Some Umbilical Cells, an Anemic Child Gains Two Sisters



When Lea Ann and Brad Curry of Lanesville, Ind., first lifted the hands of tiny daughter Natalie, their hearts clutched. The baby's left thumb was missing, and her right thumb was useless. The radius bone was missing from the infant's left arm. The doctors' diagnosis was devastating: Fanconi's anemia. Unless Natalie received a new immune system from transplanted stem cells, the units from which all blood cells derive, she faced a short life of severe anemia and possible retardation.

The Currys didn't waste time searching for bone-marrow donors outside the family. Instead, Lea Ann got pregnant. When that fetus miscarried, Lea Ann waited a month, then got pregnant again. The couple gained a healthy baby, Audrey, but she was an unsuitable donor. Within 12 weeks, Lea Ann was again pregnant, this time with Emily, whose tissue proved compatible. So doctors collected and stored the blood from Emily's umbilical cord—blood rich in stem cells. Twenty months after Emily's birth, the cord blood was transplanted into her sister, then 4.

To those who say it is wrong to produce one life to rescue another, Lea Ann responds, "Who are they to judge?" Her own answer is that Natalie, center, now 6, is healthy, as are her sisters.

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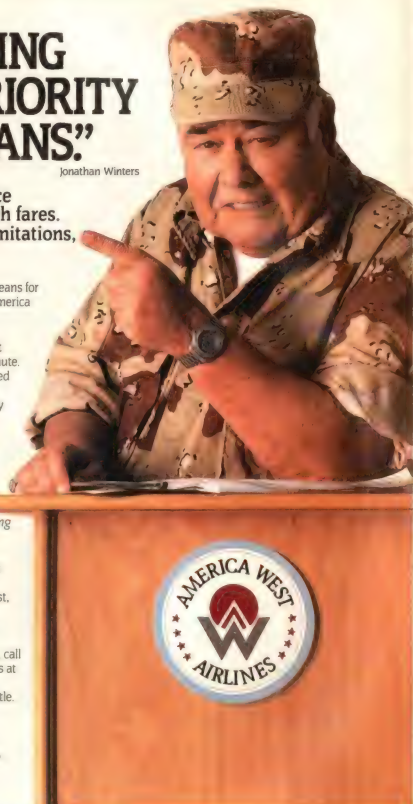
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Matchmaker, Find Me a Match

Outwitting the body's defenses, surgeons have become hugely successful at transplants. They could do a lot more, if only there were more organs

By **CHRISTINE GORMAN**



With flying fingers, fine sutures and a potent arsenal of drugs, surgical teams have become so successful at transplanting organs that the demand for viable tissue has far outstripped supply. In 1967, the first person ever to feel the beat of another man's heart in his own chest survived for just 18 days after the operation. Today, more than eight out of 10 heart recipients live at least a year with their borrowed organs. For kidney transplants, first-year survival tops 90%. As success rates soar, doctors attempt ever more variations on the transplant theme: installing a new pancreas, lobes of a live donor's lungs, even several organs at once. But rising hopes mean more people will be disappointed. Some 23,000 Americans desperately await replacement organs this year; if current shortages continue, more than 2,000 of them will die before a donor is found.

The present golden age of transplants occurred only after researchers began tackling one of medicine's greatest puzzles: How do you sneak a foreign organ

past the body's immune system, which is dedicated to the proposition that all alien tissue is dangerous and should be destroyed? On the one hand, doctors try to disable the body's defenses just enough so that they will not reject the transplant. Here the trick is not to go overboard and completely cripple the immune system, leaving the body open to attack by deadly viruses and bacteria. On the other hand, they try to cajole the body's defenders into accepting the graft as one of its own.

In 1980, a single drug, derived from a Scandinavian soil sample, provided a stunning breakthrough in the effort to tame the immune system. Cyclosporine targets the killer T cells—the cellular commandos that seek out alien tissues after other defenders have marked them for elimination. Within a few years of the drug's introduction, first-year survival rates for kidney recipients jumped from 50% to over 80%. Only a handful of drugs have had such an impact on the history of medicine.

But cyclosporine is not perfect. It damages the kidneys and leaves the body more vulnerable to cancer. Doctors try to minimize these problems by using the lowest possible dose of the medication and sup-

plementing it with other drugs that suppress the immune system, including steroids. Two experimental drugs, FK-506 and rapamycin, may be many times more powerful than cyclosporine but have yet to prove more effective in clinical trials.

If everybody had an identical twin from which to harvest organs, such drugs would be unnecessary. Failing that, doctors try, where possible, to find the closest approximation of a twin: a good genetic match. In a feat every bit as heroic as cracking the Enigma code during World War II, immunologists have determined just what makes for a good tissue match. Research dating from the 1960s shows that the immune system has developed its own set of molecular passwords, called human leukocyte antigens, that identify every nerve, every capillary, every organ as either friend or foe. If a cell displays the right HLA molecules on its surface, the T cells will leave it alone. If not, it gets zapped.

Six pairs of genes control the code for the HLA proteins, half inherited from a person's mother and half from the father. Since each one of these genes may come in as many as 25 different varieties, there are countless different possible HLA combina-

ONE BODY CAN PROVIDE:

- 1 Heart or 4 heart valves
- 2 Lungs
- 2 Kidneys
- 1 Liver
- 1 Pancreas
- 2 Hip joints
- 1 Jawbone
- 6 Ear bones
- 2 Corneas
- Bone marrow
- Limb bones and ribs
- Ligaments, tendons and pieces of cartilage
- Skin
- Blood vessels



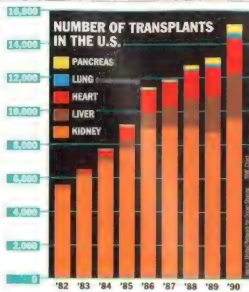
Disassembly line: Technicians prepare donor leg bones and fragments of the pelvis for future use

tions. The chance that two unrelated people will have the same HLA combination is less than 1 in 100,000. But the odds of a complete match between two siblings are about 1 in 4.

For patients in need of bone marrow transplants, such as Anissa Ayala, a good match is absolutely essential, and close relatives are frequently tapped. The reason: marrow recipients face a unique threat known as graft-vs.-host disease. In a Trojan Horse ploy, transplanted marrow can quickly turn against its new body. If the match is poor, the marrow, which manufactures many of the components of the immune system, will recognize its adopted home as foreign and mount a massive attack against virtually every tissue. This sort of rejection crisis is harder to control than the rejection of a transplanted heart or kidney, and is, in many cases, fatal.

The body is more accepting of other kinds of transplants. Tissue typing is not used to match heart, lung or liver transplants. One reason is that no one has yet found a way to preserve these organs long enough after removal to complete an HLA test. Generally, doctors simply check that donor and recipient blood types are compatible and then depend on lifelong drug therapy to prevent rejection. Eventually, surgeons confidently predict, more and more powerful drugs will allow them to ignore HLA matches for organ transplants altogether.

This seemingly cavalier attitude toward tissue typing concerns many immunologists, who worry about the side effects of



suppressing the immune system for years or even decades. Patients seem to do better when the organs are well matched. Though less than 1 in 10 kidney recipients gets a fully compatible organ, at least one study shows that those who do are 20% more likely to survive five years than other recipients. But better matching will require the technology to store organs long enough for them to be flown to a person with the right tissue type.

Another critical need is a bigger pool of donors from which to draw matches. Over 2 million people die each year in the U.S., but only about 25,000 of them are suitable sources for organs. The principle require-

ments for this select group: good health and sudden death as in a traffic accident or stroke. Of those who are eligible, only one-sixth actually give up their organs. Though a 1988 federal policy requires hospitals to inform families of potential donors about making "a gift of life," physicians are often reluctant to approach grieving families about carving up their loved ones. Many people are repelled by the idea of parting with organs after death.

Blacks and Asians donate organs less often than whites, perhaps because they are less comfortable with the medical establishment. Because it can be difficult to find a good match between races, this has led to a chronic shortage of organs for minorities. Congress has allocated \$20 million over the next year to help address this shortfall. Some transplant experts have suggested giving tax breaks to the estates of people who agree in advance to donate their organs at their death.

In the meantime, the shortage of donors forces doctors to make wrenching decisions about who lives and who dies. Though medical considerations are paramount, subjective judgments often come into play. Can an uneducated patient handle the sometimes complex follow-up care required after surgery? Should a relative be approached and asked to give up a piece of himself? Should an alcoholic be granted a new liver? Such dilemmas can be far more complex than any challenge posed by the immune system. —*Reported by Barbara Dolan/Chicago and Andrew Purvis/New York.*

Trading Flesh Around the Globe

A ghoulis notion: people so poor that they sell some of their body parts to survive. But for scores of brokers who buy and sell human organs in Asia, Latin America and Europe, that theme from a late-night horror movie is merely a matter of supply and demand. There are thousands more patients in need of kidneys, corneas, skin grafts and other human tissue than donors; therefore, big money can be made on a thriving black market in human flesh.

In India, the going rate for a kidney from a live donor is \$1,500; for a cornea, \$4,000; for a patch of skin, \$50. Two centers of the thriving kidney trade are Bombay, where private clinics cater to Indians and a foreign clientele dominated by wealthy Arabs, and Madras, a center for patients from Malaysia, Singapore and Thailand. Renal patients in India and Pakistan who cannot find a relative to donate a kidney are permitted to buy newspaper advertisements offering living donors up to \$4,300 for the organ. Mohammad Aqeel, a poor Karachi tailor who recently sold one of his kidneys for \$2,600, said he needed the money "for the marriage of two daughters and paying off of debts."

In India, Africa, Latin America and Eastern Europe, young people advertise organs for sale, sometimes to pay for

college educations. In Hong Kong a businessman named Tsui Fung circulated a letter to doctors in March offering to serve as middleman between patients seeking kidney transplants and a Chinese military hospital in Nanjing that performs the operation. The letter said the kidneys would come from live "volunteers," implying that they would be paid donors. The fee for the kidney, the operation and round-trip airfare: \$12,800. With that, the Hong Kong government moved to put into effect legislation that would ban all buying and selling of organs. The Hong Kong case underscored already widespread concern about the 2,000 or so transplants performed annually in the People's Republic, where many of the harvested kidneys come from executed prisoners.

Elsewhere, authorities are working to bring the flesh market under control. Britain passed a law in 1989 forbidding organ sales after a Turk complained that he had been lured to Britain with a job offer, sent to a hospital under a false pretext, then anesthetized and relieved of one of his kidneys. Germany is pushing through a similar law, spurred in part by an abortive offer from a Soviet medical institute to provide German patients with Russian kidneys for a fee of \$68,570—payable in deutsche marks.

Law



Grist for the tube:
a *Verdict* crew records the
murder trial of an alleged
Florida drug dealer;
Marlon Brando testifies at
the trial of his son as cable
cameras bear witness

cameras are usually barred when the victim's identity needs to be protected, as in the Central Park-jogger rape trial. Nor, despite the crowd at Ligon's trial, has TV in general turned the courtroom into the proverbial media circus. With tight ground rules, cameras and microphones can be kept relatively unobtrusive.

From the standpoint of the public's right to know, there is no good reason why TV journalists should be barred from trials while print reporters are not. Critics often complain that TV distorts the legal process by focusing on the most sensational testimony. But it is hard to argue that this serves the public any worse than screaming newspaper headlines, or TV reporters describing events from the courthouse steps. "It is a sorry state of affairs that today most of us learn about judicial proceedings from lawyers' sound bites and artists' sketches," says Vincent Blasi, a law professor at Columbia University. "Televised proceedings ought to dispel some of the myth and mystery that shroud our legal system."

Some attorneys contend that cameras in the courtroom can have a subtle and damaging effect on the trial itself. Witnesses may be more reluctant to testify, for example, if they know they will be seen on the nightly news by their neighbors. Seth Waxman, a Washington attorney who represented a white-collar defendant in one televised trial, says that jurors afterward made it clear that TV had had an impact: one juror said a witness seemed less credible because she kept nervously glancing at the camera. Argues Waxman: "Any extraneous factor that complicates the fact-finding process ought not to be allowed."

Among those who think such fears are overstated is Judge William G. Young, who allowed cameras to cover the barroom rape trial in New Bedford, Mass., that was the basis of the movie *The Accused*. Says Young: "I came away from that convinced that if you had careful controls, TV did not change the dynamics of the trial or the fairness of the trial to the litigants."

As TV coverage of trials becomes more commonplace, the arguments against it may fade away—just as the old debate over TV coverage of House and Senate deliberations has disappeared now that C-SPAN is a permanent fixture. One of the lessons of the media age is that the TV juggernaut is hard to reverse. But it should not be permitted to crush constitutional rights as it rolls along. —Reported by Daniel S. Levy and Andrea Sachs/New York

Justice Faces a Screen Test

New TV shows are invading the courts in search of real-life drama. But will they threaten fair trials in the process?

By RICHARD ZOGLIN

Roger Ligon, a maintenance worker in Stamford, Conn., was on trial for manslaughter, charged with killing a man after a parking dispute. He pleaded not guilty, blaming the act on post-traumatic stress disorder—the psychological residue of his combat experience in Vietnam.

The lawyers who argued the Ligon case had another sort of stress to deal with, arising from the crush of TV cameras that descended on the courtroom. Local stations covered the trial extensively. So did a soon-to-be-launched cable channel devoted entirely to judicial proceedings. A CBS crew was there too, roaming the hallways and offices as well as the courtroom. "The whole second floor up here was just one gigantic production room," grouses Bruce Hudock, who prosecuted the case. "I definitely found it distracting."

Hudock's view may be tainted by sour grapes: Ligon was acquitted. But the prosecutor's objections cannot be totally dismissed. Courtroom trials have become TV's hottest reality-programming trend. Forty-four states currently allow cameras in the courtroom, with varying degrees of restrictions (New York's law has just expired, as legislators argue over proposed revisions to it). And starting next month, TV will for the first time be allowed into some federal courts, on an experimental basis, for civil trials.

Real-life trial footage regularly turns up on local newscasts, on magazine shows like *A Current Affair* and *Trial Watch*, and occasionally as live drama on CNN. The legal bombardment is about to grow even

heavier. On June 21, CBS will introduce *Verdict*, a prime-time series that will cover a different trial each week, using a mix of courtroom footage and interviews with the participants. (The Ligon case will be featured in one of the episodes.)

Courtroom activity will go round the clock with the July 1 debut of the Courtroom Television Network, a judicial version of CNN. The new cable channel (owned largely by Time Warner) will cover some trials live—with play-by-play commentary from legal experts—and others on tape in nightly wrap-up programs. The network hopes to premiere with the Los Angeles trial of four police officers charged in the videotaped beating of Rodney King.

For TV viewers bred on *Perry Mason* melodramatics, this proliferation of courtroom coverage is a healthy dose of reality. Steven Brill, chief executive of Court TV, predicts an educational windfall for people who watch his channel. "They will understand that the real world of law is not *L.A. Law*: nor is it Clint Eastwood catching a criminal and having some slick lawyer get the criminal off on a technicality." But TV's invasion of the courtroom raises tough questions as well. While video coverage may boost the public's understanding of the judicial process, is it quite so good for people seeking their constitutionally guaranteed right to a fair trial?

So far, many of the problems predicted by those who oppose cameras in the courtroom have not been realized. Even in states that allow televised trials, judges make the final determination as to whether TV should be admitted for a particular case;

People

By SOPHFRONIA SCOTT



This Land Is Her Land

Developer is a bad name in California, even if it belongs to **Joan Baez**. The local press has accused the folk singer of environmental incorrectness in selling her 141 acres of Contra Costa County farmland. Seems she hired a land-use planner to design an "old-world pedestrian village" with a day-care center, parks and granny flats for seniors. Now Baez intends to sell the plan and the land to builders without further participation. Critics complain she's more concerned with profits than patronage. Never mind that she's already given 25% of the land to a human-rights group.

Totally Comical

"I'm fully into grinding some major chow, you trolly little weasel." Say what? It may be foreign to you, but it's "slanguage" to the college fans of MTV's *Totally Pauly*. The show's hip host is **Pauly Shore**, who's rising fast to the top of L.A.'s comedy circuit. Shore, 21, started out at his mother's club, the Comedy Store, where she warned him that nepotism didn't mean a



steady job. Now he has a hot album, *The Future of America*, plus a popular video, *Lisa, Lisa*. What else? Maybe a cereal spot: "You know,

me grinding cereal with flakes and milk all over my melon asking people to buy some Wheaties." A few subtitles wouldn't hurt either.



Skip the Fairy Tale

"I'm a BLT down sort of person, and I think you're looking for someone a little more pheasant under glass," quips Frankie. Ah, yes, comedy and romance. Hollywood's learned the combo rings up big bucks at the box office, so you can bet it'll be exploited again and again. On deck is *Frankie and Johnny*, directed by Garry Marshall of *Pretty Woman* fame. Starring **AL PACINO** and **MICHELLE PFEIFFER, the film is about a short-order cook and a waitress trying to have a romance. Marshall calls it a more realistic love tale. "The film is dedicated to all those women who think Prince Charming got hit by a truck, and the guys who are sure Cinderella is locked away somewhere and won't be showing up."**

Like Father, Like Son?

PRINCE WILLIAM may be showing a touch of his dad's flair for injury. The boy got whacked on the forehead with a golf club last week by a school chum. He had surgery to repair a "depressed fracture," and Mum **PRINCESS DIANA** stayed with him. The child who struck the blow was shocked by the accident, but Will's folks say it's of "the boys-will-be-boys variety." Will, 8, was out in two days.



Super Pros

Forget Superman. Batman too. Kids know who the real superheroes are: athletes. NBC hopes to take advantage of that sentiment this fall with a new Saturday-morning cartoon series. *ProStars* features animated versions of **Bo Jackson**, **Michael Jordan** and **Wayne Gretzky**, but winning games is not in this picture. These pros are going after "all the wrongs of the world." With the help of Mom, a manager who supplies them with powerful sports gadgets, the athletes use their talents to help kids cope with problems they



can't handle alone. The real pros won't do the voices, but they'll show up in live-action segments driving home the values taught in each episode: sportsmanship, fitness and a winning attitude.

Boyz Of New Black City

Spike Lee's *Jungle Fever* heads a wave of films that convey the harsh truths of ghetto rage and anguish

By RICHARD CORLISS

On a New York City subway train stocked with edgy white folks and one slouched and stuporous young black man, three inner-city toughs storm into the car. They shout at the black rider, then drag him to the floor and stomp on his face. The other passengers cringe, until the pummeling abruptly ceases and all four men rise smiling, as if for a curtain call. "Ladies and gentlemen!" one of the thugs intones with cultured geniality. "You have just witnessed another performance of *Ghetto Theater*."

Hangin' with the Homeboys, the engaging new black-Hispanic comedy in which this scene appears, isn't the only place you can catch some provocative episodes of ghetto theater. The pageant of inner-city anger and anguish is playing at a theater near you. Suddenly, it seems, dozens of films by black directors are in circulation, from artistic achievements like Charles Burnett's family drama *To Sleep with Anger* (now on video) to breakthrough hits like Mario Van Peebles's dope opera *New Jack City*, the year's fourth highest grossing picture. Some of the black films pack promise, others just threaten—but all are tonics to a movie industry that otherwise looks ready to doze off into a coma of retreats and revisionism.

One man created the market for black-movie rage: Spike Lee. This acerbic auteur is probably best known as Michael Jordan's best pal Mars Blackmon, the hyperverbalizing Nike footwear flack on TV. But with searing screeds like *Do the Right Thing* (1989) and the current *Jungle Fever*, Lee,



The main man: "All these films mean is that Hollywood can make a dollar off of them"



Brooklyn Juliet (Sciortta), Harlem Romeo (Snipes)

34, has carved a niche for fierce minority movies—a niche that can be enlarged by other directors who are even younger, more choleric, closer to the action if not to the edge. Call them the Spiketettes.

Lee's movies and prickly attitude make Hollywood squirm, but the town recognizes his value. "Spike put this trend in vogue," says Mark Canton, executive vice

president at Warner Bros. "His talent opened the door for others." Van Peebles testifies. "If it weren't for Spike, I wouldn't be here." Lee is happy to have the brotherhood's company: "There are some people out there who were just meant to make films. That's the sense I get."

The undeniable sense is of a flood of ambitious "race movies"—showing, just now, more passion than art—where a year ago there was only a trickle. It is as though American moviegoers had been introduced to a body of films from a previously obscure locale: the teeming, forlorn outpost known as New Black City.

A few of the New Black City pictures dance lightly around searing social dilemmas. Bill Duke's *A Rage in Harlem* is an old-fashioned gangster movie, content to showcase Robin Givens' pert charms. And Michael Schultz's *Living Large!*, a kind of

Homeboy Alone, hatches broad but pointed comedy from the perspective of a black street reporter (Terrence ["T.C."] Carson) who lands a job with an all-white news team. But most of the films sketch, in furious strokes, a portrait of the ghetto and of its most feared and hopeless denizen, the black male.

In *Straight Out of Brooklyn*, a heart cry from Matty Rich, 19, life crushes everyone. It has drained the teenage hero's father, who takes his bitterness out on the woman he loves. Daddy has whupped Mama so many times that her insides are on the outside. She wears her bruises like a badge of the black woman's burden. In one devastating montage, Rich shows a series of row houses, apartment courtyards, projects. From inside each one a man yells at a woman, and something breaks. It is enough to drive a decent boy like Dennis to grand theft to get straight out of Brooklyn. At the end of *Brooklyn*, two major characters die, simultaneously though apart. No twist of plot is too improbable for the makers of New Black City films, because they know that no tragedy is uncommon to the ghetto.

John Singleton's *Boyz n the Hood* is another slice of fictionalized autobiography: a life story that could have been a death warrant. The boys in the neighborhood must wonder if they have any choice but dying poor from drugs or dying rich selling them. Lame as moviemaking craft, the picture is nonetheless a harrowing document true to the director's south-central Los Angeles milieu; he paints it black. *Boyz n the Hood* functions both as a condemnation of the world outside any big-city movie house and as an inspiration to those aspiring outsiders who would change history by filming it.

In mainstream movies a generation ago, Sidney Poitier was Hollywood's Martin Luther King Jr. Poitier's screen characters were as noble as any blond hero—nobler, because they withstood and deflected so much unjustified abuse. But the role of soulful sufferer was a dead end for blacks on both sides of the movie screen. Intransigent white America could not be persuaded to lift blacks to equality. Could the system then be scared into action? The Watts and Newark riots of the mid-'60s may have been mainly fratricidal, and the your-money-or-your-wife taunts of the Black Panthers may have been mainly street theater, but they lent an image of the black man as a figure of

STRAIGHT OUT OF THE MEAN STREETS

Tired of watching friends and relatives fall prey to drugs, crime and other social maladies that ravaged the Red Hook section of Brooklyn where he grew up, Matty Rich decided to fight back. His weapon: a movie camera. "I wasn't interested in film because I loved film or some director," says the 19-year-old director of *Straight Out of Brooklyn*. "I was angry that everybody around me got destroyed, and I wanted to show that everyday struggle."

Rich is the youngest of the new generation of black directors who, inspired by Spike Lee's in-your-face style of moviemaking, are turning out impassioned films about life on today's mean streets. Belying their age, most of these filmmakers have devoted years to developing their craft. Rich started reading how-to books on film when he was 10. "I didn't know what a right angle was, what a barnyard door was, but they had pictures, and I'd read something once, twice, three times, until I understood it," he recalls.

Two years ago, Rich felt ready to make his first movie. After exhausting \$16,000 in cash advances from his mother's and sister's credit cards to buy film stock and pay a cameraman, he went on a local black radio station and appealed to its listeners for the money to finish the project; about 20 chipped in \$77,000. A chance meeting with director Jonathan Demme led to a distribution deal and a screening at this year's Sundance Film Festival. Three studios are now pursuing Rich. "It's kind of weird when you're 19 and you're being wooed," he muses. "If I hadn't done this movie, I'd be just another black kid on the street with a gold tooth and a funny haircut."

Equally precocious is John Singleton, 23, who was nine years old when he saw *Star Wars* and decided that he wanted to grow up to make movies. Growing up was the hard part. Drugs and violence were moving into South Central Los Angeles, where Singleton spent his boyhood, and the temptations were strong. "My parents didn't have a lot of money," he says. "I used to steal little stuff, like candy, toys and *Players* magazines, but I never got into anything too rough."

The dream of making movies helped keep him straight. "Somebody told me that the film business was controlled by screenplays," he says. "After I heard that, I knew I had to learn how to write, so I did." And well. Singleton won several writing awards at the film school of the University of Southern California. After his graduation, Columbia Pictures quickly signed him up for a three-year deal and gave him \$7 million to direct *Boyz n the Hood*. Like his fellow young black directors, he knew what he wanted to do with the opportunity. "If you make a film," he says, "you have a responsibility to say something socially relevant."



Rich: fighting back with a camera

strength and menace. We don't want to be you, these blacks told whites: we want to be us. And we be bad.

Baudisssss, as in *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*, which Melvin Van Peebles (Mario's father) made in 1971. Sex-sated and X-rated, *Sweetback* trumpeted the busting era of blaxploitation films. Their heroes were no filies of the field. They dealt drugs (*Super Fly*) or tracked down drug dealers (*Shaft*). Short on artistry but long on verve, these violent epics were significant for the same reason they remained, in every sense, a minority entertainment: they were movies made not only for blacks but, often, by them. African-American filmmakers had kicked their foot through the industry's back door.

That didn't last. A raunchier brand of action comedy co-opted the blaxploitation genre: Schwarzenegger and other super-tough white dudes won the affections of the black audience. And still Hollywood would not make movies that scanned the

spectrum of African-American life. The top black stars of the '80s, Richard Pryor and Eddie Murphy, were segregated from many roles because they were seen only as inspired clowns. In buddy movies with white co-stars, they rarely got the girl—any girl. They were Hollywood's best-paid second-class citizens.

As it was in movies, so it was in other areas of pop culture such as music, TV and sports. A few blacks were revered in a few fields; many others were relegated to the back of the bus, with little to do but toseepitethands and stink bombs at the whites up front. The color-blind society that King dreamed of is still only a dream. Blacks can't shed their skin, and whites can't shed their guilt and fear: guilt over the literal and social enslavement of black Americans, and fear at the violent revenge taken by the black man at the heart of a white man's nightmare. Everybody has known this for years, even in Hollywood. But for years too, only Spike Lee was making films about it.

NEW FOCUS ON THE OLD GUARD

Lee must have been doing something right: he certainly made enough enemies. If people weren't annoyed by his blacker-than-thou dissing of Murphy, Whoopi Goldberg and Whitney Houston, they were vexed by Lee's movies. A few reviewers knocked his first feature, *She's Gotta Have It*, for the vapidity and cupidity of the female lead. "I wanted to tell the story of a black woman who was living her life as a man," Lee says, "except that she was honest about it."

School Daze, his musical-comedy satire of social climbing at a black college, raised black hackles for addressing an embarrassing topic: "You hear stuff about the other people holding us back," says Lee. "But it's often our own black folk that get down on us."

Do the Right Thing had critics predicting that the film would foment wildings by blacks against whites. Racial violence did erupt in Brooklyn's Bensonhurst neighborhood that summer, but the victim was a black man, Yusuf Hawkins, whose murder inspired *Jungle Fever*. "He was killed for supposedly coming to visit [a young Italian-American woman]," Lee notes, "when all he wanted to do was look at a used car. But sex and racism have always been tied together. Look at the thousands of black men who got lynched and castrated. The reason the Klan came into being was to protect white Southern women."

Last year's *Mo' Better Blues*, a desyncopic study of a musician who cares only for his trumpet and his ego, took heat for its sardonic depiction of two Jewish businessmen. Lee had an answer for that charge too. He wanted to open *Jungle Fever* with advice to those who accused him of anti-Semitism: "They can kiss my black ass." After discussions with his patrons at Universal, the prologue was cut, but the director is typically unrepentant. "They can kiss my black ass two times," he avers.

What remains of *Jungle Fever* is controversial enough. Some people have urged a boycott because, they allege, the film puts down black women. Lee is hardly unique among black directors (or, notoriously, black rap artists) in viewing woman as something between an enemy and an enigma. In *Boyz n the Hood*, most of the women are shown as doped-up,

although the angry young men are aren't the only black directors making movies these days. Other slices of black life are turning up on the screen in mild comedies like Michael Schultz's *Living Large!* and in colorful period pieces like Bill Duke's *A Rage in Harlem*, based on a 1957 novel by crime writer Chester Himes. The emphasis in these films may be on entertainment, but their directors still try to slip in meaningful messages and positive images. "I'm an American," Duke recently told the *Los Angeles Times*. "But being a black American, my experience is a particular one, and I don't want to ignore that."

Both Duke, 48, and Schultz, 52, came of age in the movie business during the mid-1970s, another period when Hollywood was high on black films. Duke broke in as an actor and appeared in such movies as *Commando* and *Predator*. But wanting to be "where the real action is," he enrolled in directing classes at the American Film Institute in 1982. After he completed the two-year program, no feature work was forthcoming, so Duke went into television. He directed about 130 shows, including episodes of *Hill Street Blues* and *Miami Vice*. His skill in mixing humor and violence in those programs persuaded the producers of *A Rage in Harlem* that he was the man for their movie and won him his feature debut.

Schultz, a principal director with New York City's Negro Ensemble Co., migrated west after seeing *Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*, the 1971 breakthrough film written and directed by Melvin Van Peebles, father of Mario. "Sweetback proved to Hollywood that there was an underserved portion of the filimgoing market," says Schultz. "And when I saw it, I said, 'I can do that.' And so it he did. Within three years, Schultz had directed as many movies; one of them, *Car Wash*, was a commercial hit. A string of successful vehicles for Richard Pryor helped raise Schultz's stock even higher. Then, in 1978, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, his \$12 million tribute to the Beatles, flopped big, and Schultz's career lost steam. "I was in a major burnout," he says. "The projects from then on didn't come like they did for white directors who failed."

Now, with *Living Large!*, Schultz is back with an updated version of the kind of comedy that first gained him recognition. "It's about making very human choices," he says, describing the movie and perhaps his own career as well. "It's something we all have to do, finding out what price society makes us pay."



Schultz: adding humor to the message

career-obsessed or irrelevant to the man's work of raising a son in an American war zone.

However valid the charge against the women in Lee's earlier films, it is misplaced in *Jungle Fever*. In a "war council," black women discuss the lure of white men and the hierarchy of skin tone. "I'm going for a true tribesman," one woman says. Another

(played by Lonette McKee), deemed more attractive to whites and blacks because she has light skin and Caucasian features, decries her isolation from both worlds.

This character has reason for her ran-cor. Her architect husband, Flipper Purify (Wesley Snipes), has wandered into the sexual curiosity of his Italian-American secretary, Angie Tucci (Annabella Sciorra). Their affair, which they confide to friends, is soon the talk—the shout—of their respective neighborhoods, Sugar Hill in Harlem and Bensonhurst in Brooklyn. The animosities are mirrored in two subplots. Angie's sweet, nerdy friend Paulie (John Turturro) pursues a romance with a classy black woman (Iyla Ferrell). And Flipper's crackhead brother (Samuel L. Jackson) collides with his Bible-bred parents (Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee).

Like *Do the Right Thing*, which began as a live-action *Sesame Street* and then flipped out into a race riot, *Jungle Fever* is really two movies in one: the first hour an essay on various volatile issues, the second a dramatization of how these issues inform and



Heart cry: the Brooklyn co-stars with Rich, right



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IN FROM THE WILDERNESS AT LAST

Movie executives weren't wooing black filmmakers when Charles Burnett graduated from UCLA's film school in 1974. And Charles Lane didn't get many offers when he graduated from the film program at the State University of New York College at Purchase in 1980. But that didn't stop either man from making movies. Lane went on to win a student Academy Award for best short in 1976 for *A Place in Time*, a 36-minute experimental film about a street artist; 13 years later, he revived that film's Chaplinesque hero in *Sidewalk Stories*, a silent feature that won the Prix du Public Award at the Cannes Film Festival. Burnett's first feature, *Killer of Sheep*, about a man who works in a slaughterhouse, was one of the first 50 films archived in the Library of Congress's National Film Registry.

Until recently, however, neither director had much visibility outside film-festival circles. Burnett, who supported his family and his film projects with foundation grants and odd jobs, couldn't even find a commercial distributor for his work. Now both are beginning to shake off the hot-house stigma. Lane, 37, is making his big-budget debut in August with *True Identity*, a \$16 million comedy about a black man forced to pass for white in order to evade Mafia hit men. Although he had to ask for changes that would make the movie less offensive to blacks, Lane admits he was thrilled when Disney's Touchstone Pictures offered him the script. Says he: "I had been working in film since 1969, so it was a long time coming."

Burnett, 47, appeared to get his big break last fall when the Samuel Goldwyn Co. released *To Sleep with Anger*, starring Danny Glover, a gentle modern-day folk tale about a black Los Angeles family's struggle to reconcile the desire for upward mobility with the traditions of their Southern past. "Today there is so much killing on the movie screens, and it prepares people to accept that kind of thing," says Burnett. "I want to show a sense of tradition and folklore and how important they are to survival."

Critics loved *To Sleep with Anger*, but there was little enthusiasm at the box office. Ironically, the film did better at art houses in predominantly white neighborhoods than in theaters in black neighborhoods. Burnett says Goldwyn's limited advertising budget shortchanged the black community. He vows, however, to continue making intellectually challenging films. "I don't want to seem pretentious," he says, "but I think for society to progress, you have to add something."



■ Burnett: a taste for intellectual challenge

run ordinary lives. Lee tries hard to spread the intensity, and the ignorance, judiciously. He lets a geek chorus of Italian-American guys in Bensonhurst blame black men for everything from Central Park rapes to the mongrelization of jockdom. "They took our sports," one fellow grouches, "baseball, football, basketball, boxing. What do we got left? Hockey?"

What they have is the purest breed of prejudice. They hate all blacks for the sins of some blacks; they resent the black male for his perceived genital superiority. The film's title announces as much. This is a story, Lee says, "about two people who came together because of sexual mythology." The legend on a jacket worn by one of Lee's colleagues at last month's Cannes Film Festival put the matter bluntly: *JUNGLE FEVER*, OR FEAR OF THE BIG BLACK DICK.

But that's just sass. The movie is really about the ghetto epidemic of drugs, an issue Lee has dodged until now. Less than a *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, this is a *Guess Who's Going to Hell*, because *Jungle Fever* locates its primal power in Fellini-

esque scenes of Harlem crack palaces and epochal confrontations between the drug-addicted and the drug-inflicted. The essential action is not horizontal (mating games across color lines) but vertical (poisoning the family tree, pitting father against son). Who is sleeping with whom matters less here, as it should anywhere, than the people who die and the things that kill them.



Crack hit: Van Peebles' *New Jack City*

As it spirals into the underworld of hatred and despair, *Jungle Fever* kicks into movie overdrive. It establishes kinship to those tervid '80s weepies directed with deadpan skill by Douglas Sirk: *All That Heaven Allows*, with young Rock Hudson and middle-aged Jane Wyman daring a love that flouts convention; and *Imitation of Life*, in which wannabe white woman Susan Kohner throws herself on her black mother's coffin and sobers out her remorse to the throb of a Mahalia Jackson spiritual. *Jungle Fever* is no less brazen—or assured. A righteous man shoots his deranged son, and the man's wife unleashes a scream that blends with the gospel wail of... Mahalia Jackson. Here *Jungle Fever* ascends fearlessly into the delirium of high Hollywood melodrama: it's berserk Sirk.

The thrill of hearing a chorus of urgent voices, like those of Lee and the filmmakers who follow him, can carry with it a demand for realism. Moviegoers may want each new film to provide even more sensational ghetto revelations. But the new generation of African-American filmmakers need be no more shackled to the neighborhoods they escaped from than was Sirk, born in Denmark, or Lee, born in Atlanta. Having proved they can tell the stories they lived, they are now charged with spinning more universal human metaphors onto celluloid. Even Lee will make better films. His new competition will see to that.

And the industry will see to it that they keep delivering A-quality pictures on B-movie budgets. "All these films mean is that Hollywood can make a dollar off of them," Lee says. "Black films will be made as long as they make money." Just now he is having trouble raising the \$25 million or so he

needs from the studio producing his biopic of Malcolm X. "I need mo' money, mo' money," he says, laughing. "I don't want the wrath of Allah comin' down on Warner Bros."

White moviegoers could use a little wrath these days, and should not be shackled by Hollywood-worn notions of entertainment. It's time to see if Ghetto Theater can play in every American mall, and whether the mass audience can take pleasure and pain in the bullets from New Black City.

—Reported by Pat Cole/Los Angeles

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Passing the Late-Night Crown

Picking Leno over Letterman for The Tonight Show, NBC goes for youthful drive tempered by jut-jawed likability

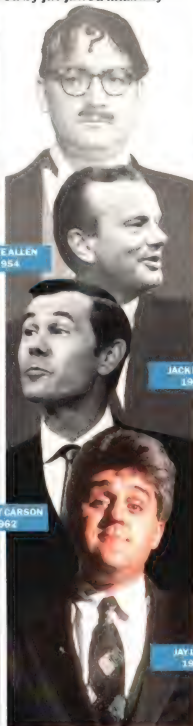
By RICHARD CORLISS

Late night comedy: On the day Jay Leno has been announced as host of NBC's *The Tonight Show* beginning next May, Johnny Carson confides to his audience, "I want to tell young Jay Leno I've changed my mind; I'm gonna stay." And then Carson, the program's star since Jack Kennedy was President, barks out his brittle laugh and purports to lose himself in merriment.

Late night melodrama: An hour or so later, David Letterman says, "Before we continue, I think we should congratulate our friend Jay Leno for being selected as the host of *The Tonight Show*. And the good news for us is, we get Stump the Band." This hoariest of Carson time fillers is no silver medal for Letterman, in his 10th year as star of his own NBC chat-fest. The world had long known that the anvil-jawed Leno, *Tonight's* exclusive guest host since 1987, was bound to succeed Carson. But press tattle hinted that Letterman, who gave Leno his first sustained TV exposure, was furious at not being offered the job. One source told the *Washington Post* that Letterman planned to sue NBC to break his contract, making him available for offers from CBS and ABC. Once upon a time, the ringmaster of Stupid Pet Tricks was indeed Carson's heir apparent, Bonnie Prince Dave. But now Leno will assume command over the United Kingdom of Late Night. Letterman gets to keep Wales.

For NBC the decision was nothing but common sense. The cash-register-drawer-jawed new host not only projects a likable, intimate video presence, but he will also bring in more money for *Tonight*: his audience tends to be younger than Carson's, thus more appealing to advertisers. He is also a plow horse of stand-up comedy. Currently he does concerts in three or four cities a week in addition to his subbing duties. For *The Tonight Show Starring Jay Leno*, he will appear in 250 new episodes a year, more than twice the number Carson now does. And no slot is planned for a substitute host. Leno will not have a Leno.

Leno sees his anointing as a reward to be judiciously savored. "I consider myself a good soldier," he says. "You go to work, you do the job—write joke, tell joke, get check—and the world will pretty much take care of itself." After establishing himself as a Johnny wannabe, the glockenspiel-jawed comic was offered other talk-show slots, but, he says, "I wisely turned them



STEVE ALLEN
1954

JACK PAAR
1957

JOHNNY CARSON
1962

JAY LENO
1992

down. To me, this is the only job in television. I'm kind of coming in as the new CEO. You don't really own it, you just hold it and try not to drop the ball when you hand it to the next guy. I like the history of *The Tonight Show*, being able to look back over the years and think, gee! Steve Allen! Jack Paar! Johnny Carson! You get to hang your picture on the same wall."

Allen built the wall in 1954, establishing *Tonight* as a bedtime slot for zany comedy and snappy conversation. For five years beginning in 1957, Paar turned it into a waiting wall; he made *Tonight* into Event TV by tangling with politicians and crackpots, discussing his young daughter's training bra, walking off the show one night after the censors clipped a joke. And Carson, unquestionably the longest lived power player in TV, bought the wall. Or rather, as his popularity and contract demands escalated, NBC bought it for him.

With his sangfroid and Swiss-watch timing, Carson brought a temperate temperature to *Tonight* after the Paar boil. But he did more: in his nightly monologue he helped set the nation's political and social agenda. When Johnny made jokes about Vietnam, Watergate, errant Senators or TV evangelists, he enabled the audience to laugh the problem away. "Nobody can figure out Johnny's politics," Leno says. "The joke comes first." The trouble is that Carson's monologues have stayed hip, while his studio audiences have grown duller, less attuned to the issues he makes fun of.

The star now gets his biggest cheers when he walks onstage; the crowd has come not for comedy but for celebrity spectacle. Carson makes a state visit, and the audience responds like tourists at Buckingham Palace.

Now they can watch the changing of the guard. "I'll continue to do a monologue about the topics of the day," the hydrofoil-jawed host-in-waiting says. "I enjoy doing political stuff"—though his old stance of ironically outraged liberalism has been tempered as he segued from guest to host. Leno will also retain that charming anachronism, the studio orchestra. Bandleader Doc Severinsen will retire, though, as will Carson's faithful retainer, Ed McMahon.

Other changes will have to wait. After all, Johnny has 105 more shows to do before he bows out, and Jay has 74 more guest spots. "This is probably the only job in the world," the peninsula-jawed Leno wryly notes; "where you get the job and they go, 'O.K., good! You'll be starting ... in a year.'" At least Leno knows the job will be his. Letterman, in his last slot, must stew. The other night, he made a mistake, then groused, "That's why I don't get 11:30!" He must be content with what he has: the best talk-show on TV. —Reported by William Tynan/

New York

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It's Amazing! Call Now!

Infomercials are filling the late-night hours with tacky pitches for everything from kitchen tools to baldness cures

By RICHARD ZOGLIN

Johnny Carson and Ted Koppel have gone to bed and so has the Ziploc talking finger. But late night is when TV's hucksters really get humming. Amazing baldness cures and miracle weight-loss plans. Kitchen tools and anticellulite treatments. Self-help courses and get-rich-quick schemes. Stick around; you'll learn all about Citrus Miracle, a spray cleaner made from "100% natural oranges," able to wipe out everything from oven grease to carpet stains. Or share a few teary minutes

Linkletter. Fran Tarkenton, Meredith Baxter and Cathy Lee Crosby are among the stars who moonlight as salespeople in the wee hours.

Infomercials got their initial boost in 1984, when the Federal Communications Commission freed local stations from limits on the amount of commercial time they could air. Hundreds of local broadcast stations, as well as such national cable networks as Lifetime and Black Entertainment Television, now carry at least some infomercials, usually in the late-night hours. For TV stations, these program-

The Federal Trade Commission has cracked down on a handful of infomercials for unsubstantiated claims, misrepresentation or outright fraud. One was the Euro-Trym Diet Patch, an adhesive disk that attached to the skin and was supposed to curb the appetite. (It didn't.) The producer was slapped with a \$1.5 million fine for making false claims for the device, as well as for two other products, Y-Bron, an impotence remedy, and Foliplex, a treatment for baldness. At least six more infomercials are currently under investigation. "People are mesmerized by TV," says Barry Cutler, director of the FTC's Bureau of Consumer Protection. "They wouldn't give this stuff a second thought if they saw it on the back of some supermarket magazine. But they believe it because it's on television."

Infomercial producers admit there have been some abuses but claim the industry has cleaned up its act. Early pioneers of the genre "came mainly from print advertising," says Gene Silverman, vice president of Hawthorne Communications, a leading producer of infomercials. "They brought their over-the-line methods with them." The industry has since formed a trade organization and fashioned its own content guidelines, similar to those proposed by government regulators. Among them: the programs must be clearly labeled as commercials, and product claims must be carefully substantiated.

The recession has reduced the viewer response rate for some infomercials, but at the same time it has made the lengthy commercials even more attractive to stations: when ad revenues are slack, it is hard to turn down an advertiser who wants to purchase a big chunk of time. "The more financially pressed stations are, the less they're offended by infomercials," says Rader Hayes, a consumer economist at the University of Wisconsin. In a survey released in January by the National Association of Television Program Executives, 90% of station officials who responded said they have run at least some infomercials, and 49% said their use of them is likely to grow in the future.

Infomercials may be on the verge of going big time. Several major companies are experimenting with the format. General Motors, for example, recently introduced an infomercial to tout its new line of Saturn cars. AT&T is reportedly exploring the format as well. (Time-Life Music currently runs pitches for collections of hits from the Big Band era and the rock-'n'-roll years.) They will never supplant *The Simpsons* or *Entertainment Tonight*, but in fringe time periods, infomercials could become Madison Avenue's next hot format. Half an hour with the Ziploc finger: now that would be amazing! —Reported by Thomas

McCarroll/New York



DEAL-A-MEAL

In a show devoted to selling a diet plan, host Richard Simmons says "surprise" visits to customers and chokes up when they tell how dieting has changed their lives. He also pitches a video series called *Sweatin' to the Oldies*.

with Richard Simmons as he travels the country getting testimonials from converts to his Deal-a-Meal diet plan. Or learn how fulfilling your life can be with the Brain Supercharger, a set of self-improvement tapes (\$149.95) that promise to raise your I.Q. and bring you "meaningful and lasting love relationships."

Not since the legendary Veg-O-Matic ("It slices! It dices!") has TV advertising been so gloriously tacky. The reason is a burgeoning genre known as the infomercial. These are program-size commercials that are disguised as real shows. Usually half an hour in length, they are produced entirely by an advertiser whose goal is to get viewers to reach for the phone and dial that ever present 800 number. In order to make these pitches seem like actual shows worth watching, they feature bright-eyed hosts, enthusiastic studio audiences and bogus names like *Incredible Breakthroughs* and *Amazing Discoveries*. They are increasingly populated with celebrities. Victoria Principal, Ali MacGraw, John Ritter, Art



AMAZING DISCOVERIES

Encee Mike Levy makes the case for a set of instructional tapes called *Where There's a Will, There's an A*. The slick presentation and excitable studio audience make it look almost like a real talk show.

length ads provide a tidy source of revenue from little watched time periods. (Half an hour of postmidnight airtime can bring in between \$5,000 and \$20,000 in big-city markets.) For an advertiser with a steam iron or self-help course to flog, an infomercial can be a good way to corral viewers for a long, hard sell. A 30-minute ad for a hand mixer from Kitchenmate cost just \$125,000 to make and has generated \$55 million in sales, according to its producer, the Guthy-Renker Corp. Altogether, infomercials generated \$500 million in sales last year; that figure is expected to increase to \$800 million by 1992.

The tacky look and hyperbolic claims of these ads have made many station executives uncomfortable with them. But not uncomfortable enough to refuse them. Infomercial telecasts have increased from 2,500 a month in 1985 to more than 21,000 today. "Most people are holding their nose but taking the money," says an executive at New York's WNBC-TV. "It's a lure and a curse."

Books

The Seventh-Inning Stretch

Even those who prefer watching a line drive to reading a book about baseball will find these volumes worthwhile

By WALTER SHAPIRO

This is embarrassing to admit, but this review is a little late. I was supposed to assess all of this year's baseball books, weighty tomes like Mickey Mantle's most recent epic, a reminiscence in the manner of Marcel Proust, *My Favorite Summer 1956*. But dazzled as I was by his emotionally evocative sentences ("I met up with Billy at the St. Moritz coffee shop for a quick cup of coffee"), I confess that I yielded to temptation. Instead of scrupulously working my way through a pile of new books as oversized as Cecil Fielder's strike zone, I frittered away my critical faculties watching real-life baseball on TV, even slighting sleep for the red-eye ESPN night games from the Coast. Eventually I found—in extra innings, it is true—seven baseball books that survived the toughest test of all: competing with the game itself. Each of these books is analogous to an opposite-field hitter; instead of trying to drive the ball up the middle, they offer glimpses of the game from odd angles and use the sport as a metaphor for something larger.

Los Angeles Times foreign correspondent David Lamb, the author of *Stolen Season* (Random House; \$20), is a middle-age man on the lam from his own life. Rather than acting out his mid-life fantasies with the aid of a red sports car, Lamb buys an RV and sets out for a magic summer in quest of the heart of America, minor-league baseball. Writing in the spirit of Steinbeck's *Travels with Charley*, Lamb forsakes dramatic narrative for an endearing travelogue filled with small piquant details. His odyssey is oddly humbling. He encounters a boyhood hero, Hall of Fame slugger Eddie Matthews, now a sixtish minor-league batting coach nursing a fearsome hangover and brooding that his young disciples "don't know who I am, what stats I put on the board." Lamb himself, used to sparking conversations with tales of his globe-trotting adventures, quickly discovers that baseball is a closed universe devoid of curiosity about life beyond the base lines. "The players viewed me with studied indifference," he writes. "Baseball was the only common denominator of discus-

sion, and the older a player was, the more uncomfortable he became talking about topics other than himself."

The players may be self-absorbed, but fans crave an understanding of how it feels to play this child's game for a living. Perhaps the best recent glimpse of baseball's inner life can be found in *The 26th Man* by Steve Fireovid (Macmillan; \$18.95), a poignant journal of the 1990 season by a career minor-league pitcher still dreaming of

one more cup of coffee in the big leagues. The story line is simple and honest: Fireovid, then 33, a righthander who gets by more on guile than God-given talent, posts the second best earned-run average in the American Association while gamely stilling his disappointment as many of his younger teammates are called up by the Montreal Expos. The Expos are not heartless: they want Fireovid to trade his glove for a clipboard as a minor-league pitching coach. But Fireovid cannot let go of his dream. As he admits in August, "Earlier in the season... I was positive I'd be retiring from baseball. Now I'm not so sure. I'm pitching as well or better than I ever have, and baseball is what I do best."

This year Fireovid is still getting them out for the Pittsburgh Pirates' top minor-league club. But for sheer endurance his story is overshadowed by the resurrection of Warren Cromartie, 37, who returned after six years in Japan to become a backup first baseman for the Kansas City Royals. In *Slugging It Out in Japan* (Kodansha International; \$19.95), Cromartie, once a star outfielder with the Montreal Expos, vividly recounts his frustrations as a *gaijin* home-run king with the Tokyo Giants. The transformation of baseball to fit Japanese cultural norms is familiar terrain for anyone who has read Robert Whiting's *You Gotta Have Wa*. With Whiting as his co-author, Cromartie illustrates the insidious ways the Japanese both honor and humiliate migrant American ballplayers. "We were constantly being watched," Cromartie complains. "We had to submit ourselves to incessant badgering and nitpicking, which began in camp and continued all year long. That was Japanese-style quality control."

Americans are not exactly innocents at the game of exploitation for the greater glory of baseball. In *Sugarball* (Yale University; \$19.95), sociologist Alan M. Klein examines the underside of baseball in the Dominican Republic, the poverty-stricken nation famous for two cash crops: sugarcane and big-league shortstops. Klein depicts the Dominican "academics," where teenage prospects are recruited, trained and evaluated by major-league clubs, as "the baseball counterpart of the colonial outpost, the physical embodiment overseas of the parent franchise." Even though Klein's ire is sometimes ill-concealed and the book actually contains a section called "Baseball and Symbolic Analysis," *Sugarball* serves as a reminder of the true meaning of the baseball term farm system.

"Because I was black, and because I never moved faster than I had to, and because I didn't speak Ivy League English, I came into the league with an image of a backward country kid who could swing the bat and was lucky he didn't have to think too much."

—FROM *HEADLINER*, BY FRANK ARONIN



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SPECIAL ADVERTISING FEATURE

A Nation of Neighbors

FIRE SAFETY TAKES CENTER STAGE IN SALT LAKE COUNTY

Thanks to the Fire Prevention Players of Salt Lake City, Utah, children are learning how to react fast in an emergency. The tireless troupe stages an original play about fire safety that reaches more than 60,000 elementary school children a year.

The Players were organized four years ago when Michelle Harvey met Jay Miles, a public education officer for the county fire department. Having recently lost her father in an accident, Harvey wanted to help others avoid preventable tragedies. Now she writes, directs, produces and performs with the Players.

"You can sit and feel helpless, or you can do something," she says. "To prevent even one tragedy makes it all worthwhile."

Serious Fun

This year, the six Players—Harvey, Miles, and firemen Jack Homen, Brad Tillotson, Burt Romrell and Brian Hansen—performed their show at 85 schools.

With costumes and props donated by local industries, the 35-minute show is full of music and comedy...but the message is deadly serious. Songs such as

"I've Got Your Number" teach the importance of 911. In one scene, Harvey plays the Smoke Witch with children from the audience who play dead smoke alarm batteries and open doors. As Harvey covers two actors with blankets to simulate smoke, the children learn the life-saving benefits of checking batteries and keeping doors closed in the event of fire.

Jack Homen says, "We know we're getting the point across because of all the calls we get after a performance. Half of the parents thank us, and the other half are prompted by their kids to buy smoke alarms."

The Greatest Feeling

Children who have seen the play have also saved lives on at least nine different occasions.

Last fall, a fifth grader visiting her father refused to stay with him unless he had a smoke alarm. So he bought one and they installed it together. Just one week later, the

apartment caught fire but everyone escaped unharmed after hearing the alarm. In another case, a toddler in a high chair inadvertently turned on the stove. As the flames spread to the kitchen cabinets, his six-year-old sister called 911, then carried her brother to safety, saving both their lives and their home.

Stories like these are all that the Fire Prevention Players need to keep them going. "In more than 20 years of combat, I never saved anyone. But now, I have," says Jay Miles. "When we go back to the schools, we get hugs from kids who are still alive because of us. It's the greatest feeling in the world."



Clockwise from top left: Alexys and Michelle Harvey, Tillotson, Hansen and Homen dramatize a threatening fire.

18th in a series of self-reliant
communities cleaning up problems
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Books



Rose: the perils of hero worship

Hank Aaron's autobiography, *I Had a Hammer* (HarperCollins; \$21.95), written with Lonnie Wheeler, is as much a provocative primer on baseball's race relations in the 1950s and '60s as it is a superstar's account of his triumphant march to breaking Babe Ruth's all-time home-run record. Aaron, who spent much of his career overshadowed by mediagenic players—both white and black—like Mickey Mantle and Willie Mays, can claim with some justice that he was belittled by stereotypes. "Because I was black, and because I never moved faster than I had to, and because I didn't speak Ivy League English," Aaron writes, "I came into the league with an image of a backward country kid who could swing the bat and was lucky he didn't have to think too much."

Aaron was still a fearsome, albeit fading, slugger when he surpassed Ruth in 1974. In contrast, baseball purists should cringe at the way Pete Rose, his skills long vanished, was lionized for his Captain Ahab-like quest to break Ty Cobb's record for career base hits. *Collision at Home Plate* by James Reston Jr. (HarperCollins; \$19.95) is a cautionary tale about the dangers of hero worship. This joint biography of Rose and baseball commissioner Bart Giamatti—the former Yale University president who banished Rose from baseball in 1989 and then died suddenly little more than a week later—never quite works. The irony is too heavyhanded, the juxtapositions too stark, the character of Rose too pathetic in his heedless self-destruction. Oddly enough, it is Giamatti, the exuberant intellectual fleeing Yale for the greener pastures of baseball, who dominates the book, as Reston paints a complex portrait of a flawed but fascinating administrator a bit too taken with his own public image. Still, Reston indulges in too much quotation of Giamatti's orotund utterances on the cosmic meaning of baseball and provides too little insight into the off-the-field politics of the game itself.

The journalistic obsession with anni-

versaries has reached Ruthian (or should I say "Aaronian") proportions this year as sports pages are running day-by-day updates on the fabled 1941 season. Personally, I have already overdosed on Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak and Ted Williams' .406 batting average. But if you must read one book on the subject, let it be *Baseball '41* by Robert W. Creamer (Viking; \$19.95). A veteran sportswriter now pushing 70, Creamer artfully weaves his own 1941-college-boy-on-the-cusp-of-war persona throughout the narrative. There are wonderful asides, ranging from Red Barber's early days as the Brooklyn Dodgers radio announcer to the draft woes of Detroit Tigers star Hank Greenberg. But hard as Creamer tries, I never caught the magic of the 1941 games themselves. For how could they compete with the joys of a simpliminded slugfest on ESPN?

Hot Spell in The Cold War

THE CRISIS YEARS
by Michael R. Beschloss
HarperCollins; 816 pages; \$29.95

By BRUCE VAN VOORST

As Mikhail Gorbachev panhandles the U.S. and McDonald's draws longer lines in Moscow than Lenin's tomb, it is difficult to believe that less than three decades ago, Washington and Moscow were on the steely edge of war. The drama and tension of those years are vividly recaptured in Michael Beschloss's *The Crisis Years*. But this is no simple rehash of John Kennedy's sparring with Nikita Khrushchev. Beschloss casts new light on topics ranging from the Cuban missile crisis to the security risks of J.F.K.'s sexual dalliances.



Beschloss: vividly recapturing the tension

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THE NAKED GUN 2½ LOOKING DOWN THE BARREL OF COMEDY



David Zucker
Broke the vase
when he was six
and blamed Jerry



Jerry Zucker
Forced mom into
all their movies
at gunpoint



Mother Zucker
It was a dirty job
but somebody
had to do it

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Then, a behind-the-scenes look at the brothers
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AIRPLANE 4:30 PM ET

THE NAKED GUN 6:00 PM ET

BEHIND-THE-SCENES 7:30 PM ET



THE NAKED GUN 2½
LOOKING DOWN THE
BARREL OF COMEDY

HBO

Books

Kennedy was still shaken from the ill-fated Bay of Pigs invasion when he met Khrushchev at the Vienna summit in June 1961. The Soviet Premier ended discussions on nuclear testing and Laos with a stunning demand for a separate German peace treaty, turning over Soviet responsibilities for access to Berlin to East German authorities. Kennedy rightly viewed this as a violation of four-power agreements and warned that any tampering with access would be met with force, including nuclear weapons. Soviet sources judged the President "scared," and Kennedy conceded later that Khrushchev had "just beat hell out of me."

Disastrous economic conditions in East Germany were propelling thousands of refugees a day into West Berlin, so Khrushchev decided to let East German Communist Party chief Walter Ulbricht build the Wall. Beschloss provides convincing new evidence that Kennedy recognized that erecting a wall through the city was the only way to prevent a collapse of East Germany and never seriously considered armed intervention over that issue. Nonetheless, in Beschloss's judgment, the U.S. was never closer to war with the U.S.S.R. than throughout the Berlin crisis.

The following year, convinced that Kennedy would launch yet another invasion of Cuba, Khrushchev opted to deploy on Cuban soil medium- and intermediate-range Soviet missiles capable of reaching American targets. Although approving the way the White House dealt with the confrontation, Beschloss blames Kennedy for failing to make U.S. goals clear. If he had better articulated his country's interests, Beschloss insists, "it is doubtful that Khrushchev would have felt compelled to take his giant risk on Cuba." Kennedy had second thoughts as well. "Last month I *should* have said . . . that we don't care" about the missile deployment, the President told intimates in the midst of the crisis.

Beschloss's account, drawing heavily on previously unavailable secret messages between the two leaders, includes fascinating tidbits about the major actors: J.F.K. once boasted that he was "the first man to have sex with someone other than his spouse inside the Lincoln Bedroom"; Khrushchev, after having made life miserable for Kennedy, broke down and wept openly upon hearing of the President's assassination.

Numbering more than 800 pages (including 62 pages of footnotes), *The Crisis Years* is a compelling piece of historical research that benefits from post-*perestroika* access to Soviet sources. Its attraction as a scholarly work, however, should not detract from its appeal to the casual reader, who can easily become immersed in this captivating description of how the U.S. and the Soviet Union almost blundered into World War III.

The \$500,000 Firefly

A fracas over the winner of a lucrative prize illustrates why some literary contests are best left unheld

By PAUL GRAY

Sure, everybody talks about how hummed out all the fictional versions of the future seem to be, but nobody does anything about it except Ted Turner. In November 1989, with the élan of someone ordering up cheerier wallpaper, the cable mogul created the Turner Tomorrow Awards for the purpose of inspiring authors the world over to "write about creative and positive solutions to global problems within an original work of fiction." The inducement to think happy thoughts: a top prize of \$500,000.

In this respect, at least, Turner showed a canny awareness of the literary temperament, which is more obsessed with money than is the Wharton School of Business. Half a million dollars might have cheered up Kafka. But would it have made him write a good book? This is where Turner's idea ran into trouble, eventually culminating in a debacle last week: a prizewinner that was immediately repudiated by some of the big names who had voted for it.

Out of some 2,500 manuscripts submitted, a 55,000-word entry called *Ishmael* by free-lance writer Daniel Quinn, 55, was picked the best of the bunch. But wait a minute. The next day judges William Styron and Peter Matthiessen claimed that their panel did not want the full award to go to *Ishmael*—described as "a series of philosophical conversations

between a man and a great ape"—and charged the Turner organization with misrepresenting their position in its publicity releases. Not so, said Ray Bradbury, another juror, who defended *Ishmael* and ragged his colleagues: "I think Styron and Matthiessen are literary snobs."

This farcical behavior by otherwise esti-



Daniel Quinn at home in Texas: a Cinderella story complete with howling stepsisters

mable and talented people can be explained quite simply. All literary prizes—deeming apple A superior to orange B—are more or less successful struggles with absurdity. The Turner awards were manifestly off the wall from their inception.

Mistake one: good books materialize as

mysteriously as fireflies, and the reputable awards cast a net to see what has flickered up during a set period of time, usually a year. In the case of the Nobel Prize for Literature, many seasons of fireflies are admissible as evidence. This is not true of the Turner Tomorrow Awards, which were conceived to conjure up and bless a firefly of their own design.

Mistake two: the ideal panel for literary prizes is a group of harmless but well-read drudges who are happy with modest honorariums and the free coffee and doughnuts served at meetings. The Turner people made the blunder of assuming that prestigious judges would confer glitter on the new awards.

They assembled, at \$10,000 a pop, a blue-ribbon panel including not only Styron, Matthiessen and Bradbury but Nadine Gordimer and Carlos Fuentes as well.

Big reputations tend to come with big egos, not to mention the truth that any three writers, of whatever fame, will find it hard to agree on where to have lunch. Add to this mix a \$500,000 award that authors are instructed to hand out to someone else and the recipe for dissension is complete.

After the controversy flared in the press, Matthiessen insisted that his quarrel is with the Turner organization and not with Daniel Quinn or *Ishmael*. "It's not a novel yet," he says of the winner. "It is an extremely clear and lucid presentation of valuable ideas that deserve a hearing." As for Quinn, he calls his

victory "a Cinderella story, complete with the stepsisters howling at the side." Whether any of this will affect the Turner Tomorrow Awards is impossible to predict. It's hard to know what the future will bring.

—With reporting by Wendy Cole/

New York

Milestones

ORDAINED. Elizabeth Carl, 44, a woman living in an openly lesbian relationship; as an Episcopal priest; in Washington. Though not the first ordination of an acknowledged homosexual as an Episcopal priest, the controversial action occurred only a month before the General Convention of the Episcopal Church is to reconsider a 1979 resolution opposing ordination of practicing homosexuals. When asked about Carl's ordination, President Bush, the nation's most famous Episcopalian, said, "Perhaps I'm a little old-fashioned, but I'm not quite ready for that."

RESIGNATION ANNOUNCED. By Dick Thornburgh, 58, Attorney General, who will leave the Cabinet at the end of July to run for the Senate; in Washington. Thornburgh hopes to fill the unexpired term of

Pennsylvania Republican Senator John Heinz, who was killed in a plane crash on April 4. Thornburgh is favored over Democrat Harris Wofford, who was appointed to the seat after Heinz's death.

DIED. Stan Getz, 64, tenor saxophonist best known for his lambent ballad interpretations and his 1964 recording of *The Girl from Ipanema*; of cancer; in Malibu, Calif.

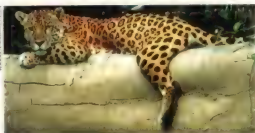
DIED. Eva Le Gallienne, 92, grande dame of the American theater whose career spanned seven decades; in Weston, Conn. After scoring her first Broadway successes in the 1920s, Le Gallienne founded the Civic Repertory Theatre in 1926, which folded in 1932 because of the Depression. She starred in its productions of *Peter Pan* and *Alice in Wonderland*.

DEATH CONFIRMED. Jiang Qing, 77, widow of Mao Zedong who wielded vast and malevolent power in the last decade of Mao's life; last month, by her own hand; in Beijing. Reported in last week's issue of TIME, her death was later confirmed by the official Chinese news agency. A Shanghai stage and film actress, Jiang met and captivated Mao in the late 1930s, leading him to abandon his second wife. Jiang emerged from the shadows in 1966 to become a scolding, polemical leader of Mao's Cultural Revolution. In 1980, after the rise of Deng Xiaoping, she and three allies (known as the Gang of Four) were tried for "conspiring to subvert the government." Jiang explained, "I was Chairman Mao's dog. Whomever he told me to bite, I bit." She received a death sentence in 1981, which was commuted to life imprisonment.

Environment



Along the Manu, ecotourists can see macaws, monkeys and even jaguars



By EUGENE LINDEN

Couched at the top of one of countless waterfalls that bathe the southeastern foothills of the Peruvian Andes, I enjoy the cool breath of the cascade, which takes the edge off the equatorial sun. From nearby promontories, an observer can look upward to the cloud forests that cling to the mountainous rim of the Amazon basin, or down into the steamy lowland rain forests that extend thousands of miles to the east. As far as the eye can see and beyond, there are no villages, roads or towns. Lying below is the Manu, a 7,000-sq.-mi. area as choked with plant and animal life as it was before Europeans landed in the New World 500 years ago.

The hike to the waterfall is part of a trip that began by rugged and fat-tired mountain bicycle in a forest of tiny trees and giant plants at 11,300 ft. on the very rim of the Amazon basin and will continue by white-water raft, motorized canoe and dugout canoe into the swampy lowlands. The guided excursion is designed as an experiment in ecotourism, where the focus is on nature rather than on stimulating thrills. The aim is to attract paying customers into previously inaccessible areas with

minimal disruption of the surroundings.

An irony of global conservation is that the most pristine areas remaining on earth are in remote, often anarchic regions where instability and lack of facilities keep the world at bay. In near bankrupt and chaotic Peru, bad roads and a State Department travel advisory warning about the insurgency of the Shining Path guerrillas cut the number of American visitors to the Manu in 1990 to 80, fewer than those who chose to visit Beirut. The area, however, is one of the few places in South America where the primordial Amazon is on display.

The Manu is just being opened to ecotourism, but this new form of travel—definitely not a luxury business—has taken hold in a growing number of countries. Before civil war made travel too dangerous, visitors annually paid \$10 million in government fees for the opportunity to see mountain gorillas in Rwanda's Parc des Volcans, giving citizens in that small, poor nation a stake in the survival of the giant apes. In Costa Rica nearly one-third of the 260,000 annual visitors cite the country's natural wonders as a reason for going, which helps stiffen government resolve to protect its uniquely varied forests. Special-

Taking a Guided Tour Through Eden

The pristine reaches of the Amazon are home to a new kind of adventure that emphasizes studying nature, not gaining thrills

ized travel companies have sprung up to satisfy budding ecotourist demand. Texas-based Victor Emanuel Nature Tours, for example, offers many destinations, including the Manu; the rich, northerly cloud forests in Chiapas, Mexico; and a number of remote South Pacific islands.

The opening of the Manu was orchestrated by Charles Munn, a Baltimore-born ornithologist who works there under the sponsorship of Wildlife Conservation International, an arm of the New York Zoological Society. The conventional wisdom had been that it was difficult to see Amazon wildlife in the vast, inaccessible forests, but in 1976, when Munn began exploring the oxbow lakes created by the meandering Manu River, he was dumbfounded by the wealth of living things he saw. The region contains more than 1,000 species of native birds, including the largest concentration of macaws in the world. Giant river otters, jaguars, caimans, 100-lb. rodents known as capybaras and at least 13 species of monkey can also be spotted. Deep in the forest live Kogapakori Indians, who have no contact with the outside world. Thinly populated and remote, the Manu has been troubled neither by the Shining Path guerrillas nor the continent's cholera epidemic.

The region's lakes are located in a roughly 1,200-sq.-mi. zone that the government set aside to generate income for the local economy. Suggested schemes included the harvesting of monkeys for biomedical research and the killing of other animals for meat. Munn proposed that the authorities take advantage of the relative proximity by air of the Andean city of Cuzco and encourage small ecotourism ventures. Cuzco, a tidy colonial city and the capital of the ancient Incan empire, already serves as the gateway to Machu Picchu. The Manu is but a 45-minute hop by private plane from the city's jetport.

Munn backed his proposal with personal loans to local entrepreneurs. "I could see that nothing was going to happen unless I intervened," he says. Since 1984 Manu tourist accommodations have grown from a scattering of primitive campsites into a less primitive but still modest venture. The 24-bed Manu Lodge was designed by proprietor Boris Gómez, who scavenged wood from mahogany trees snagged in riverbanks in order to minimize the lodge's impact on the surrounding forests. The lodge has no electricity and a pleasant campfire feel, and Gómez is able to break even with as few as 150 visitors a year—far below the number that might harm the region.

Munn has started a revolving fund to help other ambitious locals. Gustavo Moscoso, a onetime logger, plans to make his living as an ecoinkeeper in a biologically rich area called Pantiacolla. Farther down the Madre de Dios River, Abraham Huaman, a Quechua Indian guide, is building a lodge on land adjacent to a mineral lick where hundreds of macaws flock to taste the soil. Huaman patrols where hunters once shot macaws, and his family and workers have driven out illegal loggers.

Ecotourists brought by Gómez to the Manu take part in a program that is a mixture of lodging and camping. We began by mountain bike at the very rim of the Amazon basin, riding through misty forests. The high-altitude region is home to dwarf trees as well as giant begonias, which Munn described as looking like Audrey, the man-eating plant in *Little Shop of Horrors*. Below the rim, the trees become bigger and the foliage more lush.

That night our group (which consisted of Gómez, Munn, his wife Martha and me) camped in tents set up on the foundation of a new lodge Gómez is building in the cloud forest. Home to the endangered spectacled bear, a brilliant orange bird called cock of the rock and dozens of species of hummingbirds, the forest is an utterly green world. Plants, mosses and trees

are so thick on the vertiginous mountain slopes that trails have a trampoline-like feel underfoot.

As we continued into the Amazon basin by mountain bike and white-water raft, the temperature and humidity rose. Cloud-forest plants and animals began to give way to parrots, fasciated tiger herons—a hunter of large fish and snakes that looks like it is wearing a herringbone overcoat—and

from the Manu Lodge, visitors can see the nesting sites of hoatzins, perhaps the world's strangest birds. The floppy, pheasant-sized avians have three stomachs, like cows; the young defend themselves by diving from their nests into the water. When danger has passed, they use hooks on the leading edge of their wings to climb back up the trees into their dwellings.

The Manu is also one of the few places on earth where visitors can see giant river otters. The aggressive 70-lb. mammals make their home on lakes upstream from the lodge. Viewed from the vantage point of a dugout canoe, one otter family offered an idyllic vision of life in the wild, frolicking from one side of the lake to the other, while pausing occasionally to feast on abundant fish.

The exuberantly colored and gregarious macaws, however, are the celebrity fauna of the region. During a three-hour motorized canoe ride up the Manu River, we saw 327 of the loquacious birds in a scintillating array of colors: red and green, blue and yellow, scarlet. Munn estimates that each macaw in the region could generate between \$750 and \$4,700 a year in tourist revenue—far more over the bird's lifetime than if the animals were caught and sold.

He touches upon the basic logic of ecotourism: wildlife is more valuable running free than killed or captured. But it will be difficult to bring the benefits of tourist dollars to the more traditional Indian tribes of the region without disrupting their way of life. Some of the tribes will trade elaborate traditional cloaks called *kushmas*, which take three months to make, for a machete or an ax—far below what tourists would pay for the same item. Peruvian biologist Ernesto Ráez fears, however, that encouraging the Indians to reorganize themselves to serve even small numbers of tourists will require profound transformations in village life. "We should not ask conservation to do the work of social change," he says.

No doubt there are pitfalls to every kind of ecotourism venture. Whether it preserves or disturbs a region and its inhabitants depends entirely on the sensitivity of the people who decide the scale and nature of tourist operations. Moreover, all too often nations and peoples develop an interest in saving ecosystems only after they have been nearly destroyed by exploitation. The great virtue of ecotourism is that it allows people to profit from undisturbed nature. There is little doubt that tourism ventures motivated by respect for nature are preferable to the kind of commercialization that in the past has ruined so many of the world's natural wonders.



MANU LODGE The simple, airy building was constructed from wood scavenged from riverbanks to minimize its impact on the surroundings

other lowland creatures. We settled for the night at Amazonia Lodge, a former tea plantation across from the tiny river port of Atalaya. The owner, Santiago Yabar, tells us that he first visited the plantation as a tax collector in the 1970s, then later bought it and transformed its run-down buildings into an extremely agreeable inn.

Experts have called Amazonia the best bird-watching lodge in the world because it sits at the juncture of a zone where birds from upland peaks mingle with lowland species. For many years the Manu held the record for sightings of different species in a single day: 331. With no effort whatsoever, we spotted more than 100 species in the course of five days. A short canoe ride





Essay

Charles Krauthammer

Saving Nature, But Only for Man

Environmental sensitivity is now as required an attitude in polite society as is, say, belief in democracy or aversion to polyester. But now that everyone from Ted Turner to George Bush, Dow to Exxon has professed love for Mother Earth, how are we to choose among the dozens of conflicting proposals, restrictions, projects, regulations and laws advanced in the name of the environment? Clearly not everything with an environmental claim is worth doing. How to choose?

There is a simple way. First, distinguish between environmental luxuries and environmental necessities. Luxuries are those things it would be nice to have if costless. Necessities are those things we must have regardless. Then apply a rule. Call it the fundamental axiom of sane environmentalism: Combating ecological change that directly threatens the health and safety of people is an environmental necessity. All else is luxury.

For example: preserving the atmosphere—stopping ozone depletion and the greenhouse effect—is an environmental necessity. In April scientists reported that ozone damage is far worse than previously thought. Ozone depletion not only causes skin cancer and eye cataracts, it also destroys plankton, the beginning of the food chain atop which we humans sit.

The reality of the greenhouse effect is more speculative, though its possible consequences are far deadlier: melting ice caps, flooded coastlines, disrupted climate, parched plains and, ultimately, empty breadbaskets. The American Midwest feeds the world. Are we prepared to see Iowa acquire Albuquerque's climate? And Siberia acquire Iowa's?

Ozone depletion and the greenhouse effect are human disasters. They happen to occur in the environment. But they are urgent because they directly threaten man. A sane environmentalism, the only kind of environmentalism that will win universal public support, begins by unashamedly declaring that nature is here to serve man. A sane environmentalism is entirely anthropocentric: it enjoins man to preserve nature, but on the grounds of self-preservation.

A sane environmentalism does not sentimentalize the earth. It does not ask people to sacrifice in the name of other creatures. After all, it is hard enough to ask people to sacrifice in the name of other humans. (Think of the chronic public resistance to foreign aid and welfare.) Ask hardworking voters to sacrifice in the name of the snail darter, and, if they are feeling polite, they will give you a shrug.

Of course, this anthropocentrism runs against the grain of a contemporary environmentalism that indulges in earth worship to the point of idolatry. One scientific theory—Gaia theory—actually claims that Earth is a living organism. This kind of environmentalism likes to consider itself spiritual. It is nothing more than sentimental. It takes, for example, a highly selective view of the benignity of nature. My nature worship stops with the April twister that came through Andover, Kans., or the May cyclone that killed more than 125,000 Bengalis and left 10 million (!) homeless.

A nonsentimental environmentalism is one founded on Protagoras' maxim that "Man is the measure of all things." Such a principle helps us through the thickets of environmental argument. Take the current debate raging over oil drilling in a corner of the Alaska National Wildlife Refuge. Environmentalists, mobilizing against a bill working its way through Congress to permit such exploration, argue that we should be conserving energy instead of drilling for it. This is a false either/or proposition. The country does need a sizable energy tax to reduce consumption. But it needs more production too. Government estimates indicate a nearly fifty-fifty chance that under the ANWR lies one of the five largest oil fields ever discovered in America.

We have just come through a war fought in part over oil. Energy dependence costs Americans not just dollars but lives. It is a bizarre sentimentalism that would deny ourselves oil that is peacefully attainable because it risks disrupting the calving grounds of Arctic caribou.

I like the caribou as much as the next man. And I would be rather sorry if their mating patterns are disturbed. But you can't have everything. And if the choice is between the welfare of caribou and reducing an oil dependency that gets people killed in wars, I choose man over caribou every time.

Similarly the spotted owl. I am no enemy of the owl. If it could be preserved at no or little cost, I would agree: the variety of nature is a good, a high aesthetic good. But it is no more than that. And sometimes aesthetic goods have to be sacrificed to the more fundamental ones. If the cost of preserving the spotted owl is the loss of livelihood for 30,000 logging families, I choose family over owl.

The important distinction is between those environmental goods that are fundamental and those that are merely aesthetic. Nature is our ward. It is not our master. It is to be respected and even cultivated. But it is man's world. And when man has to choose between his well-being and that of nature, nature will have to accommodate.

Man should accommodate only when his fate and that of nature are inextricably bound up. The most urgent accommodation must be made when the very integrity of man's habitat—e.g., atmospheric ozone—is threatened. When the threat to man is of a lesser order (say, the pollutants from coal- and oil-fired generators that cause death from disease but not fatal damage to the ecosystem), a more modulated accommodation that balances economic against health concerns is in order. But in either case the principle is the same: protect the environment—because it is man's environment.

The sentimental environmentalists will call this saving nature with a totally wrong frame of mind. Exactly. A sane—a humanistic—environmentalism does it not for nature's sake but for our own. ■

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